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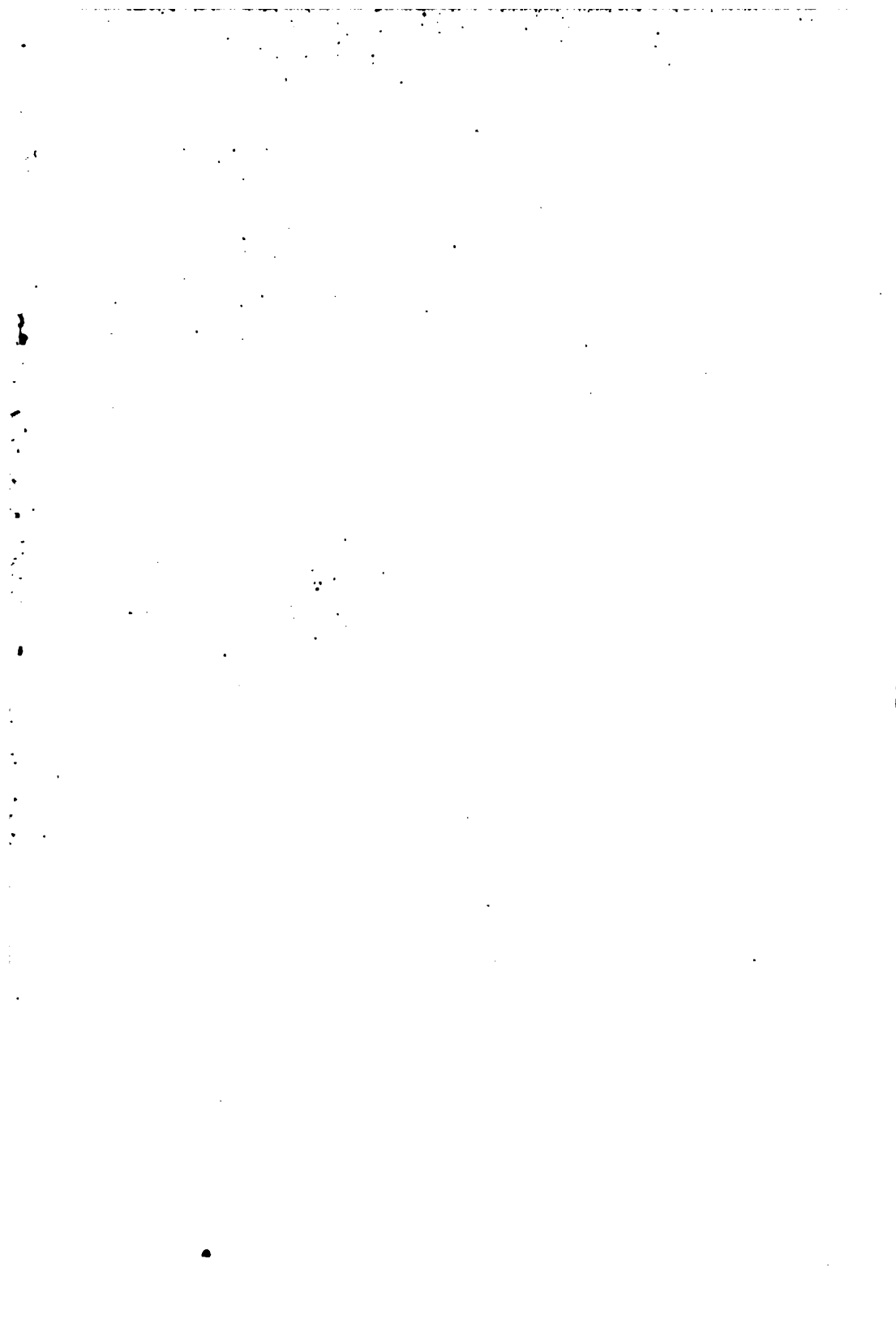
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To  
Rev. George L. Small  
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# Beacon Search-Lights

ON

PIONEERS

AND

MILLIONAIRES

BY

JAMES BOYD BRADY, Ph.D.

BRACON HILL, BOSTON, MASS.

AUTHOR OF

I. SÆNGERFESTS.

II. DYNAMICS.

III. KEEPSAKES, ETC.

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## PREFACE.

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This volume has not been written simply to produce a book, adorn a tale, or gratify a whim; but to supply a want, meet a necessity, and perform an indispensable duty. Some months ago the New England Conference, realizing the urgency of the rescue of its Superannuates, requested Bishop Goodsell, then presiding, to appoint one of its members to work out their deliverance. The Bishop, in council with his Cabinet, appointed this writer to perform that delicate, difficult, and most important duty.

On entering the field and looking for implements to commence operations, research revealed the startling fact that no mental pabulum, such as the work required, was in print. Nothing remained but to work empty-handed or create something to work with. As in this case the instrument seemed equal in importance to the energy, after due deliberation I chose the latter.

Whatever successes I have had in life are attributable to a trio of causes working together:

1. Doing what has appeared my duty with the very best of my ability.

2. Using the best possible procurable appliances to aid in accomplishing that duty.

3. Asking the Benevolent and Immanent Father to do His best with the best I had done. Under the inspiration of these three working principles which, by force of habit and grace, I trust have become natural to me, I went to California to our General Conference, our Supreme Legislative Body seeking its influence in favor of the enterprise given me to promote. Here to each member of the seven hundred delegates, as well as to the Bishops, I presented my forty-nine reasons (which I had prepared on my way out) why \$25,000,000 of a Permanent Fund should be raised for the perpetual rescue of all suffering superannuates. This I did because I saw that if the general Conference undertook a work of such necessitous nature and glorious magnitude it would not only be an unspeakable blessing to the whole nation, but also (since the greater includes the less) be of great value to the work I have on hand for the deliverance of the noble sufferers of the New England Conference. The Bishops in their Quadrennial Address issued their famous decretal "*By all means let permanent funds be secured as rapidly as possible.*" And the General Conference itself, after long debate in Committee, requested and authorized the Board of Bishops to create a

Commission composed of three laymen, three preachers and three Bishops, to formulate a plan for the purpose of procuring the necessary means to deliver, permanently, the worn out pioneers throughout all the nation. This is the status of the case at present, and considering the fact that the General Conference never took such important action before and also that the country is not only rich but benevolent, it is a most auspicious beginning, and is about as far as we could expect a great complex deliberative body to go concerning a work of such magnitude in one session. When at the Conference and returning home I sowed some seed and felt the pulse regarding the work of every great city I could reach and found it delicately sensitive and sympathetically responsive. Meantime, as agent of the New England Conference which has been the inceptor of some most important movements, it is my duty to give the facts and push the work of raising \$250,000 as fast and far as possible for the relief of the New England Superannuates (and I am happy to say subscriptions come weekly) but in doing so I shall indulge the hope and present the prayer that the good work will spread till the entire land experience the rich results of the emancipation of its most valuable pioneers

I make no pretensions to special piety, never-the-

less, important parts of this work have been inspired and written on my knees in earnest hope and faith that the Almighty Father, who owns all the wealth, will inspire a sufficient number of his children to whom he has made most liberal loans to come sufficiently to the rescue of the suffering spiritual fathers of New England in particular, and of the nation in general.

A book that would state the intrinsic facts fairly and squarely, without hesitation or whimpering on the one hand, and without exaggerated portrayal on the other, seemed the best appliance for the work. The time was short, the enterprise great; the demands for quick relief pressing; yet I saw it would be better in the end to provide a herald to prepare the way. And so, I began to think, as I thought, the thread began to spin, and the more I thought the more it spun, until there appeared a woof and warp of truth within my mind pleading to be woven into an ensign and sent out upon its Heraldic mission.

It burned upon the substance of my brain—it flamed within the affections of my heart. There was too much of it to compress into a platform discourse. It held together like an organic being, struggling for life, and crying. "I must be born, or you must die."

I decided not to die, and so the creature was born—born, I think, out of the natural trend and travail

of the times. Born out of living issues that potently impel to the pressing duties of the hour. Born charged with the execution of a high juridical as well as benevolent design by that All-good Preserver who sustains the rich and preserves the poor.

It is quite the custom for writers on kindred themes to support their arguments with authorities which like a confederation of witnesses strengthens the positions they assume. But such trussing buttresses, alas, except in a few instances this my child could not have.

There were no authorities of great account to make the Caryatides of my conception. It was conceived and born alone amid the hurry and the hum of Beacon Hill, like a lonely youngster crying in the night, with naught to help it but a cry.

It was not a cry of distress for itself, but a cry against baseness and barbarity—a cry against neglect, desertion, betrayal, and ingratitude.

A cry against the worst iniquity that ever wet the cheek with tears or stained the air with sighs.

A cry against filial ingratitude—the most treasonable traitor that ever sought to overthrow a most privileged, promising people. It is a cry for fair play, for alleviation and manly honor.

A cry for intelligent consideration of well-earned loyalty and faithful fundamental service.

A cry on behalf of the worst treated class of humanity that ever in resplendence shone on land or sea.

A cry for the materialization of those filial duties that will preserve and propagate the persons, properties and prosperities of this rich, free young land.

A call by a new-born child, to revere venerable parenthood, respect heroic parentage, and weave the conserving crown of deliverance around the sacred brows of the best fatherhood and motherhood now upon the earth. Thinking sublimely, you will see that to help in this is the highest duty and honor that remain to *you*.

The reader will not be repelled, I trust, if I say this is obligation's own imperial child born out of necessity's strong commanding circumstance. It is all obligation's own except, perhaps, a few flowers culled to perfume its ever recurrent plea. Thus, infancy and age meet once more—and oh, may the ageless infant once again be the consolation of the aged seers.

The search lights used for majesty and glory are not such as shone on that natal night before the watchers' eye when the Greatest-of-All was born, but are a fusion many phased, as the heterogeneous yet homogeneous populace of our Republic. Some of these Beacon Lights are from nature; some from

grace ; some from history; some from art; some from science; some from literature; some from commerce and from trade. Others from rich; others from poor; others from near and from far; others from observation and from experience; but all, I trust, bearing an inspiration from the breath of prayer, and focusing directly on the preaching pioneers, millionaires and middle rich pointing to the privileged duty of deliverance.

A parable may express what an argument would not explain.

A rich man had a son. He was a thriving child. The Father loved him more than life. His whole being was bent on the growing boy.

He searched land and sea, explored heaven and earth to find fitting food for that thrifty youth.

He analyzed old springs and new springs, to find most nourishing water for him to drink and seasoned it with elixirs from above the stars.

Many were the nights and days he spent, many the unequalled trials he bore, to weave the finest, fairest fabrics for his maturing son. He shielded him from winter's frost and summer's heat. He armored him against wild and dangerous beasts, and wilder and more dangerous demons. He sifted the very air through sieves of truth, enriched it with ozones of love, and made the zephyrs from the hills of glory



play around his happy heart. He called upon all favoring gales to blow! blow!! blow!!! upon his blooming boy.

With the best Physician known to man and best medicine known to skill, with richest rays of rarest light, he earnestly sought to bless his beloved son.

He set trained nurses on the watch to respond to every call, and searched night and day lovesomely to find suitable supplies for the expanding wants of his scion now to adolescence grown. In fact, he exhausted every resource and also himself in providing for his wonderful ward.

In consequence of such kindly care the youth has grown great. Like Saul, he towers high above all Israel. Shapely, comely, sleek and fair, he is the envy and the admiration of mankind. To physical superiorities he adds shrewdness of business mind and energy of executive action. So rich, so stately, he has become, that he is one of the modern wonders of the world. Even Solomon in all his glory did not equal him in stocks and bonds. His beauty of person, magnificence of condition, affluence of circumstance, security of possessions and exalted station, far surpass those of ancient kings.

His Father so prepared his mental, moral and spiritual fare, that these vast earthly riches might be but symbols of the infinitely greater wealth the son

may enjoy in another world. In fact, all the millions that son possesses are only introductory to what the Father wants him to have in the future life.

But what of the father himself, the kind, infirm, worn-out, old man who spent his life, health and wealth in providing so sumptuously for this resplendent youth.

What and where is he?

In a wing of the rich son's palace spending his declining years in well-earned ease? No!

In some quaint château arbored with smug snuggeries to charm away the spectre of wan and wasting age? No! No!

Then he has a superb home of his own, constructed to gratify his venerable taste, furnished by this great son for whom he taxed earth and heaven? No! No! No!

Then some gaily garnished Goshen like that Joseph gave his father Jacob when overtaken with age and famine? No! No! No! No!

Most horrible to relate, the grand old father so tender, loving, trusty and true, is cast off utterly by his highly exalted scion. He never invites his venerated father to his palace. He never does anything worth mentioning to sustain him now that his fortune, health and strength are spent. Apathy

and cruel unkindness have such hold of him that he appears not to care whether his father has even a hut for a home. Let the cold, bitter winds bite his old face, let hunger gnaw his venerable form, let him be so shagged that he will be hooted in disgrace by the boys on the street. Let him wander penniless and pitiless, in want of every comfort, in need of every care, till his old heart breaks, appears to be the program of the pampered son. And so the sick and sad Patriarch, having spent all in his loving zeal to rear high his lofty offspring, is now homeless, helpless, existing in a living death on those little doles, averaging a few cents per day, that may pass his way from a few poor, but loving friends, who have a little help society for him. Thus, with the poisoned dagger of Ingratitude fleshed in his true old heart he totters slowly to the grave, while the thankless, thoughtless, ungrateful son he took such pains to rear and to enrich, forgets, forsakes and casts him from his door, that he may the more recklessly bestride the world of wealth and pleasure like a Colossus.

What? Horrible!! The monstrosity of this outrage shocks the universe!! Aye, more, it shocks the Father of the Universe!!! Oh, thou, old sun and venerable moon, oh, ye old stars, aged mountains, rivers, seas, if ye could hear I would ask you to pity the sorrows of this grand, old man. But to you I

will not pray for ye can neither hear nor answer. But there is One to whom I pray who will answer, and there are those to whom I speak who will hear. On the following pages, gentle reader, may be startling statements, and when you have read them recur to this parable and see if they do not sustain and explain it. You will also be interested in grasping the thought currents of the book itself.

They point to the essential and underlying principles with their outbranchings upon which the universe is built and conducted.

They indicate if fatherhood were withdrawn the majestic fabric would relapse to chaos.

They affirm that the Infinite Immanence and purposeful Father guides all in cosmic precision, progress and harmony toward his most magnificent design.

They demonstrate that that design in His many-fold processes is paternal, and that the one supreme purpose of His paternity is the development of his human children to eternal transcendence in life, liberty and love.

Amazing splendor shines through all,  
From God who animates the whole  
As His redeem'd both great and small,  
He ripens for creation's goal.

The night, the day, seraphic choirs  
Delight His purpose to fulfill,  
He guides through his refining fires,  
To brightest bliss His children still.

Nor chance, nor change, nor ban nor bane  
Can e'er bolt back His fatherhood,  
He comes 'mid flaming worlds to claim  
And crown his children with the good.

## FUNDAMENTALS.

---

- I. Physical parenthood is the conservative and progressive working *principle* of the Immanent Ruler throughout the material universe, and this principle is but the preparatory and propulsive process of His similar, though sublimer, method of procedure in peopling the higher and ultimate Spiritual realm with his sons.
- II. Therefore, while physical parenthood is indispensable, Spiritual parentage takes necessary and natural precedence over physical parentage at that stage in the

process of development of the highest and most valuable forms of human life where the physical relation ceases to be charged with any great formative force of destiny.

- III. Spiritual paternity, while pursuing its great purpose of infusing the divine life into the world, *incidentally* produces the *opportune conditions* by which great fortunes are capable of accumulation in modern times, and, therefore, through these conditions, our esteemed rich people have been rendered capable of aggregating such vast stores of wealth as distinguish some of them as the richest men and women now on earth.
- IV. Practical repudiation of this great truth is spiritual, moral and *Filial Ingratitude*, and such Ingratitude is the quintessence of sin, because it involves every other evil and evolves every possible good. The anti-thesis (broadly, deeply, divinely understood)

- is equally true. Practical Filial Gratitude includes every other heavenly virtue, elegance and excellence, and excludes every possible evil from this and every world.
- V. Therefore, fidelity to spiritual parentage is the only process by which rich people can shun the greatest possible sin and come into harmony with their natural and divine environment, and be safely kept in the care of the Almighty Father of all power, riches and mercies.
- VI. While God is the Supreme Spiritual Father, the *genuine pioneer preacher is the mediating spiritual father under Him*, and the pioneers' mental, industrial and spiritual progeny are the powers that have brought these United States so steadily, solidly and suddenly to first rank among the affluent nations of the earth.
- VII. Pioneer preaching is only well begun, and a higher grade of pioneer preacher will be



needed more in the future than in the past to regenerate the extending alien frontiers of our city life, and save the nation from being drawn to destruction by the accumulating corruptions of our most populous centres, as well as to fulfill the obvious mission of our country to deliver humanity by pioneering the world to its Father and its God, through our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

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# BEACON SEARCH-LIGHTS.

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## CHAPTER I.

Personal Reminiscences of Millionaires — Their Divergent Ambitions—The One *Fundamental Benefaction* They Forget—Pioneers, Fathers of Millionaires—Parenthood the Practical Principle of the Universe—Elimination from Progress of All Who Neglect It—Fidelity to Parental Type Essential—Parenthood not Limited to Physical Relations—Spiritual Fatherhood Outranks Natural Paternity—Security Pioneers Obtained for Millionaires — Prisons of Poverty in which Pioneer Fathers are Confined Worse Than Pens of Slavery—Guillotine more Merciful than Rich Americans to Fathers of Their Prosperity—Baba Bharata of Lahore.

**I**T was while a school boy I met my first millionaire friend. He was so fraternal that through his courtesy I became acquainted with others of his class in New York and other cities. But it was more especially on my tour round the earth and during various trips here and there over parts of it that circumstances brought me more closely into millionaire company. It was then that the best

opportunities came to me to make an interesting study of these astoundingly accumulative anthropological phenomena. During long voyages on great oceans and perilous and protracted journeys on vast continents, men meet each other more on the same social level, and talk more freely among themselves than when at home immersed in business affairs, or pre-occupied with domestic duties.

Being myself on educational expeditions rather than on aimless perambulations, I felt obligated to profit by these occasions, for I was not unaware that rich men, as a rule, have strong personalities, and that "the greatest study of mankind is man." Such opportune openings meant much to me, because my sacred pledge had been given at the altar to spend my life in helping my fellowmen without respect of persons, and if I was destined to help all men I must study all human conditions, and that is the reason it has come to pass that at favouring times I have gone a-slumming, costermongering and million-aiing, but always with the same end in view.

As (unauthorized) it would not be noble to mention names in such connection, or to give to the public eye what was intended only for the private ear, I shall at this point give but a few of the divergent qualities I found in millionaires.

Although, as a rule, they have a certain look of satiety, yet beyond all men they are dissimilar in their dispersive dispositions, although much alike in their acquisitive propensities. The millionaires who made themselves are all men of marked ability and usually in one particular direction. They mastered one thing, pursued it, and now it is supporting them.

This, perhaps, accounts for their divergence of taste one from the other. In fact they are so divergent that it is hard to find two who think and feel alike about either human or divine affairs.

I found some who prefer to keep the glitter of their millions secluded from public observation, as Chinamen keep the decorated front of their houses hidden from public view. Others who make a gorgeous display, like merchants who put their finest fabrics in their show windows. The former seems to forget that the face of the picture as of the flower is intended for the eye. The latter remembers it to perfection.

Some I found enjoy expansibility and love to devote their courtesies and fortunes to a vast number of interests, persons and purposes. Others love contractiveness and wisely look over the condition of society, and after careful consideration fix upon one or two great objects upon which they spend

their surplus in life and to which they bequeath their legacies in death.

Some are bent upon leaving the bulk of their fortunes to their children and other immediate relatives, and seem to think that the outside world has no claims upon them. Everything depends upon blood relationship, whether it is prodigal or provident. Others, in greater mercy to their offspring, give them from the first to understand that they will need to exercise frugality, thrift and industry if they expect to inherit, even to a fair degree their fathers' opulence.

Some are genuine charity promoters and have a deep, kindly feeling for their fellowmen and a determination to aid those who prove worthy. Others appear utterly void of this and seem to suppose their main mission is to destroy benevolence and keep everything rolling in upon themselves till death forces relinquishment. Usually these are the victims of gastronomy, wine bibbing, gasconade or worse.

Some are disposed quietly and with much manly modesty to redress human fortunes and advance human happiness by unostentatious efforts to ameliorate human conditions. Others appear to have a peculiar predilection for resisting senatorial decrees and congressional enactments under the plea that

they are against their interests, and for this purpose spend much money upon expensive lobbyists. But, as a rule, I found these are the lowest kind of money grubbers.

Some appear fully satisfied with the governmental departments of the nation, — take great pride and glory in American genius and institutions, and are always holding the country up as the new model for the old world. Others I found had a tremendous ambition to become possessors of quaint antiquities, rare books, superb furniture, and expensive paintings and statues.

Some manifest a splendid passion for benefiting their race on a magnificent scale, and for this purpose build superb churches or found extensive libraries. Others have a special penchant for founding schools, colleges and universities, or for equipping those already founded with the most modern apparatus of scientific investigation.

Thus it is evident from my observation that while there are a few of our rich men who have not the first idea of the responsibility of wealth outside of their own wants and those of their consanguineous relations, yet in these improving times a creditable number of our millionaires do appreciate the proprietary privileges given them, and feel and act

upon the feeling that money is a talent loaned them and that they are responsible for its best use in doing good to men.

And while this is true and very much is given by them that we know and probably more that we don't know, is it not most startling and even humiliating to relate that amidst all this unprecedented giving that no millionaire in America, to any great or satisfactory extent, has felt or seen the sublime and supreme importance of giving most bountifully to that most necessitous, gracious and pressing benefaction (I do not say charity) that exists upon the earth. I refer to the *provisioning of the pioneers of peace, education and moral and spiritual elevation* who have placed this republic at the head of the nations. It is not I who gives this foremost benefaction this place of primacy. It is there by the sacred solemnities and authoritative though silent claims of its own meritorious nature. But because it is quiet and well-bred and unselfish it has remained in the most piteous destitution, while the less worthy, but more clamorous, have been helped abundantly.

The character of this superlative benevolence will be unveiled gradually in the following pages. The conspicuous inattention to this inexorable and inevitable claim of these pioneers is all the more startling

because they form one side of the world moving force while the rich people form the other. These two forces sustain the close relationship of son to sire — in other words the spiritual pioneer is father to the secular millionaire.

This power of the pioneer, like every other infinite power, cannot be seen by gliding gaily over the surface, but by cutting deeply enough you shall see it and the reasons for its existence. It has been my privilege to work side by side with the glorious pioneers who have so cavalierly called this country to the front, and the fire which produces the "Beacon Search Lights" has been kindled by the same heavenly flame by which the spiritual pioneers illuminate the world. Therefore the revelation to be made is not from official impulse, pique, pride, whim or fancy, but from premises so solid that the universe rests upon them, and from light so luminous that it exceeds the brightness of the sun.

The first foundational fact around which others group and from which others evolve is that the Omnipotent Operator has a *working principle* and never diverges from it, and this principle that permeates all advancive operations is the persistent continuity of parenthood. This is why God passed by all other commands and placed a plume of promise upon "Honor thy Father and thy Mother."



There is a most profound and sublime reason why He gave it this primacy, and that reason was that the whole universe is built upon the parental plan, and we are not sure that God Himself has any other to take its place.

Figuratively speaking, it is the vertebral column upon which the whole creation is compaginated. Fidelity therefore to parental type is the one process by which the Supreme Being works all through and all over His ever involving and ever evolving creations and re-creations by which He carries His creatures to perfection. And if some alien element that is unassimilable is interjected, that interrupts the processes, it has to be eliminated like phosphorus from iron before it can be turned into steel. Therefore parental disloyalty must be subducted.

Then there is another hidden principle by which the Sacred Immanence works that is commonly overlooked, and that is that we must not limit parent-hood to our physical relations. There is nothing clearer than that physical parentage must be respected, revered, honored, obeyed and loved so long as that parenthood proceeds in accord with the claims of love and law. But there is a supreme presence with its feet fixed in the deeps of existence that reaches out through all things, and that runs aloft

like a living energy through successive grade of being till it clasps in its climax the everlasting Throne. This superior presence is *spiritual filial fidelity to your Heavenly Father and to your spiritual Fathers* who brought you forth for and to him. There has been—there can be—no exception to this. This is absolute, universal and eternal. Therefore when I turn the light upon the pioneer fathers and mothers who are hiding away in solitude, because they have not clothing to appear in society, I bring before you not a central issue but *The Central Issue*. Yes, I bring before you the most important focal convergence that can occupy the human mind. But whilst these venerable pioneers are forced through poverty after their work is done (metaphorically speaking) into “the dens and caves of the earth,” the rich of this land are most highly favored, and the worn-out magnanimous veterans are shut up in a prison of poverty worse than any felon’s cell in the country. Our millionaires have abundance of riches and of peace to enjoy them. They are not beset with jealousies, conspiracies and assassination as once were so common to people of their class in old world-lands. They do not sit in terror in the gory shadows of ghastly murder as did the Roman Cæsars.

They are not compelled to build their castles on a hill surrounded with "thick wall and moated gate," with port holes to shoot through rather than windows to let in the splendors of the sun. They are not subjected to the humiliation of courting and coaxing their feverish feudalities to keep up the number of their fighting men as a defense for their homes. The security of their mansions is only equalled by their superior splendors.

Their safe guards are the custodians of the nation ; their fortifications are the fortified minds and hearts of a loyal and intelligent populace ; their barracoons and bastions are the mighty breastworks of loyalty and love that the pioneers have woven into the bosoms of the people. Their portcullises are the suspension bridges of kindness, philanthropy, hope, joy, gentleness, goodness, meekness, temperance and trust that the spiritual pioneers have built between man and man, between city and city, between state and state, and between here and heaven. Their coats of mail are the hawberks of fortitude, courage, self-sacrifice and manliness with which the Spiritual Pioneers have been armouring the citizens from head to foot.

Their shield is the Church of God and their bucklers the schools of the people. Thus they are

much more securely circumvallated and battlemented by the illustrious Pioneers than any castellated Thane of the olden time and without any of his anxiety and danger. Let any one of these millionaires be wrongfully and cruelly assailed and millions of arms would be raised in his defense if necessary.

His property is secure as Sirius in the sky and his person as safe as that of the sacred Mikado. It makes no matter whether he be a steel king, a trust or an oil king. He may even be a butcher king and not be in danger, as Mr. Armour of Chicago; or a copper king, like William A. Clark; or a prince of electricity, like Thomas A. Edison; or a railway magnate, like James A. Hill; or a traction monarch, like William Collins Whitney; or a knight of adventure, like J. R. DeLemar; or a blind nobleman, like Charles Broadway Rouss; or a clothing Thane, like John Wannamaker; or a textile baron, like Charles Fletcher; or a ranch emir, like James Bourke Haggan; or a financial peer, like Austin Corbin; or a shipbuilding czar, like William Cramp; or a hotel king, like Darius Ogden Mills; or a banker prince, like Henry Clews; or a philanthropic princess, like Miss Helen Gould; or an educational Queen, like Mrs. Senator Stanford or Mrs. Spencer. It makes no difference under our illustrious stars and stripes.

what kind of a millionaire the person is, the preaching of the pioneers has prepared the most diversified people of any country on earth to minister kindly to him so that he may enjoy his millions in peace, and dispose of them as he pleases. And the same is *equally true of rich people who have not reached the million line.* All are equally sheltered safely in their rights and privileges under the sacred palladium of impartial and universal justice that the Pioneer has spread over the entire nation.

Ah, you say but this security of peace and privilege came from the Constitution of the States. But you must have men to execute the constitution else it would be of no more value than a blank sheet of paper. And under the blessing of Almighty God the pioneers made the men that made the constitution and by-laws of the nation effective. Thus you perceive protection of pioneers of wealth is procured and secured by pioneers of truth, and pioneers of truth and pioneers of property occupy the relation of sire and son. But the millionaire is the son and the pioneer the sire. This relationship cannot be ruptured by either resentment or neglect. There it stands, and the millionaires of this country have 6,000 fathers and mothers lying in duress in the prisons of poverty after they have given up all but

life itself to provide amply and magnificently for the millionaires, and other rich people of the nation.

This is the unvarnished, untwisted and unexaggerated state of the case. It may never have been stated in just this way before, but this is the true way to state it, because it presents without any whimpering or disguise the facts as they are. Besides I do not believe that the rich people of the nation know that the real fathers and mothers of their prosperity and peace are in foul, nauseating, distressful and destructive prisons of poverty.

The penitentiaries of the state are paradises compared with them. The bridewells of the city are heavens compared with them. The bastiles of Paris, the limbos of Italy, the dungeons of Spain; the cells and the hells of slavery were flower beds compared with these hard soul-tearing, heart-rending, prisons of ghastly pallidity in which the dear, old venerable fathers and mothers of the millionaires and other rich folks are confined.

Dear reader, do not smile and say this is hyperbole; it is not hyperbole, it is reality. The reality cannot be seen by inexperienced eyes, nor felt by inexperienced hearts. In estimating the agony of a monstrum horrendum of this kind we must consider the keen susceptibility to mental anguish and the

sharp sensibility to sore soul suffering of the *exceedingly fine nature* concerned. To a nature in which every nerve is a line of fire and every brain cell a globule of flame and every heartbeat a furnace of feeling, ordeals from without are unutterably more severe than to a coarse, dull, careless nature. And so when you gradually take quiet, educated, sensitive, refined ladies and gentlemen who are highly organized who have been accustomed to the amenities and honors of society, to the appreciation, encomiums, and even applause of the noble and virtuous throughout a long and honorable career. And then simply because they are a little too venerable, and because youth is pressing up from the ranks eager for the places of trust they occupy, and gradually place a soft, silken cord around their necks and lead them down and out so gently and so quietly, expressing gracious regrets, but making no or next to no provision for them, but slipping most politely the silken noose and leaving them to themselves, flush in infirmities but famine stricken in pocket, infirm, feeble, exhausted, without salary, which in these days means without everything secular, and there in that vast wilderness of want and woe leave them to shift for themselves. I say that to such genteel, sensitive, refined souls, accustomed to every physical supply,

and every social honor, and every spiritual distinction, this world is turned into a huge lock-up, bolted and barred in every direction, and I say that it is full of spikes, and swords, stilettos, and daggers that rip open their heart, carve to fragments their spirits, and it would be more merciful and humane if these old heroes were led to the guillotine and their heads shorn off in an instant, that their glorious souls might escape the tantalizing tortures of such distress as they are forced to enter.

And yet these are the venerable fathers who have gone about doing good, planting industry, honesty, energy, frugality, obedience to law, strenuousness in the struggle, courage in the battle, fortitude, intelligence and devotion in the fray. These are the men who have given the people the best they have, and now they reward them by giving them either nothing or the worst they have. And this, too, in civilized, christianized, millionairized America, where millions are doing themselves to death by over abundance.

Baba Bharata, a Hindoo of Lahore, while attending the Peace Conference lately in Boston said, "The chief danger in the American nation is its disloyalty to its old men and women." But Baba did not know these things else he might have hurled Hindoo



thunderbolts at our heads. Oh, tell not the Baba, publish it not in the streets of Lahore, lest the heathen rejoice and the uncircumcised triumph as they fling back the significant stigma, "We love and venerate and provide for our fathers and our mothers — but you neglect, impoverish, imprison and kill yours after they have spent their most valuable lives of labor and love in nourishing and cherishing you."



## CHAPTER II.

Three Leading Classes of Pioneers — Work of First Class Shrouded in Needed Solitude — First Class Neglected not by Preconcerted Plan. Jehovah's Modern Israel. Constituencies of the Three Pioneers — The First Class of Pioneers Produces the Second Class, the Second, the Third — Spiritual Pioneers the Roots, Mechanical the Trunks, Millionaires the Branches, American Millionaires New Products — Strenuous Struggles They Have Passed — Some of Them Foremost Heroes — The One Supreme Duty of American Millionaires To-day — Three Overwhelming Facts for Millionaires of this Republic — Most Amazing Picture to Be Painted.

**T**HERE are three great classes of pioneers, primary, secondary, tertiary. The first relates to the soul that furnishes mind with awakening ambition and energy; the second relates to the mind that discovers and utilizes matter and the laws of matter for progressive purposes; the third relates to the exploiting, the guiding, the marshalling of the results of these discoveries so that they produce the conveniences and comforts of the people, and through these the wealth of the well-to-do and of the millionaires. These are the three most potent powers at work in our Republic. The pioneers of soul life,

the pioneers of mental life, and the pioneers of financial life. But for the first we could not have the second, but for the second we could not have the third, but for the third we could not have modern progress.

The three are related as roots, trunks and branches. If the roots suffer, trunks and branches suffer correspondingly. The trees of the forest act as if conscious of this inexorable law, and so as the roots send up nourishment from the soil to the trunks and branches, so the branches and the trunks send down the nourishment of the sun to the roots. The result is a healthy and magnificent woodland. Let this mutuality of support and service be cut off and the most sylvan hurst decays and dies.

The pioneers of prairie, plough, mountain, mine, river and sea have been of vital value to mankind in procuring raw materials. The pioneers of steam, civil and mechanical engineering, electricity, modern art, science and learning have been of vast service in creating and promoting rapidity of transit, quick communication of distant thought, and also in utilizing the raw materials.

The productions of these pioneers come to the surface, materialize and flood with conveniences our modern life. Their promoters are acknowledged on

every hand and generously requited according to their works. These belong to the secondary class of pioneers.

The first class of pioneers, unlike the second, works upon invisible soul rather than upon visible matter. Their work, therefore, is largely unseen, and they themselves are for the greater part shrouded in the secrecy of a needful solitude.

True, they come to the surface in public ministrations, but these accomplished they retire again to regenerate by research, study, preparation and prayer the invisible sap that vitalizes the great tree of humanity, and though it may not seem so to the casual observer, this is the most arduous and exhausting work.

Many wear themselves out, break down and die in early or middle life; others survive and protract their labors beyond the "three score and ten." After they have ceased to be able to do more, they retire from service and salary at the same time, and in solitude and silence fall away from public notice. It is during this period between retirement and demise that the most flagrant injustice and most atrocious cruelties are inflicted upon them. They trusted to the honor of humanity to take care of them after they had spent all in taking care of

humanity, and humanity outrageously neglects and betrays them. Not that human beings do this by preconceived plan and malicious intent, but simply because they are too pre-occupied with other matters, or so careless about this matter that they do not take pains to consider or examine it.

But the result on the venerable man of God is much worse than if a law had been deliberately enacted to remand him to starvation as soon as he could be no longer effective in saving and serving his fellowmen. It is to rectify this most glaring wrong that these pages are written, for it is my settled conviction that the reason the worn-out heroes are left to suffer the most distressing pangs of poverty is because the people, and especially the rich, sympathetic and intelligent people of the Republic, are utterly unapprized of the facts.

My faith is great in the humanity and even divinity of the American people. They are Jehovah's modern Israel, and I believe the vast majority of well-to-do and wealthy people intend to do right. I also believe that it has been largely because they desire to "do justly, and to love mercy and walk humbly with their God" that they are in the pleasant and prosperous circumstances in which they find themselves, and I further believe that as soon as the seed

sown by these words has time to grow into blade and stalk and ear that there will be "full corn in the ear" for the self-sacrificing but poverty stricken servants of God.

I am not writing to addled dolts and cruel-hearted dullards, but to quick-sighted, bright-minded, loving-hearted men and women who will not be slow to understand nor tardy to respond to a benefaction so important that it will affect the welfare of the whole nation and the whole world as favorably as it will the impoverished pioneers.

For as the unseen sap is needful for the seen tree, so the unseen work of these pioneers who penetrate the unknown sources of life is as indispensable to the physical and scientific pioneer as that pioneer is indispensable to our mighty, modern, material progressions by the appliances of accumulated capital. Soul, mind, matter compose the Commonwealth. They are the three great Constituents of the Republic. They are essential parts of the one great body.

And highest wisdom shows we must hold the balance even by giving each part its proper proportionate sustenance and support. It was about one hundred years ago that the modern scientific dawn began to rise in struggling and depreciated splendor. It was a generation before that time that the Spiritual

Pioneers began to spread throughout our land, and this counts one in favor of these pioneers, but I will not press that as an argument because it might have been an incident, although I do not think so.

There are multitudinous underlying reasons which few seem to think of that demonstrate that these unnoticed and unrequited pioneers of the primary class were the instrumental sources from which have flowed the ever increasing number of scientific and artistic Pioneers of the second class. These Pioneers of the second class have encouraged the skilled brain behind the skilled hand, and these skilled hands have wrought out the crises, the junctures, the auspicious conditions, the golden opportunities which have enabled so many of our enterprising provident people to become millionaires. There never were so many millionaires made so honorably in so short time in any nation. They are the flourishing branches of our national tree. I am not of those who bewail millionaires; I believe in them vastly more than in some other heirs and airs. The main calamity is that there are not more of them of the right sort. The millionaires and the rich people form the third class of pioneers. The middle classes and the poor may not know it, but the fact remains that the greatest temporal blessings

of the poor and middle classes flow from the progressive, productive millionaires, and the millionaires of this Republic are for the most part of this sort.

They did not inherit their affluence like most of those of Europe ; they made it. And in the main made it honorably and honestly, and with vast advantage to every man, woman and child in the nation, and I might almost say the world. And they could not have made it if they had been hoddoddy, drivellers and dunderpates on the one hand, or unscrupulous, mercenary scoundrels on the other, The American millionaire is a new product, but he is a product on trial, and worthy of profound respect and emulation for his sagacity, skill, tact, industry, enterprise, economy, enthusiasm, honesty, punctuality, reliability, truthfulness, self-reliance, progressiveness and persistence.

The practice of these qualities launched him out on the favoring gale and brought him to the port of prosperity after strenuously weathering many a stormy sea. And these superior manly traits sometimes we see supplemented by patriotism, love of learning, appreciation of churches, generosity to libraries, colleges and charities. And frequently we find those who most wisely go farther than this.



They personally accept the creed of Christendom, the Bible, the Saviour, the Father, the Comforter. In fine, knowing the love of God to be most endearingly and enduringly beautiful, they cast in their fortunes with it and swim to glory in a sea of self-denial. They self-sacrificingly struggle against the terrible temptations that limitless wealth opens to them, and are among those hardy veterans who go through the needle's eye into the Kingdom of Heaven.

These are mighty men of valor, and when God crowns his Heroes they will be among the foremost in the Coronation. Some men are so manly that even money cannot spoil them. But while it is an unfeigned pleasure to anticipate such glory for some, at least, of the rich men of our nation, it is with a solemn sense of sadness we turn to the other side of the shield.

In doing so I have no indiscriminate denunciations to indulge. Our wealthy people are not yet so far astray as to need the teeming tears of a second Jeremiah.

It is rather to prevent such moral aberrations as drew the weeping prophet's tears and forced the captivity in Babylon and the desolation of Israel that I write.

And whilst there are a number of duties, if performed, that would greatly help the rich themselves and also the Commonwealth, yet there is one that not only issues from the depths below all others, but rises also so clearly and commandingly to the heights above all others, that of it I am forced to speak, for the sake of decency, justice, love and the welfare of our nation. It is the one duty which is the most important to do, and, strange to say, the one that has been most neglected. And that is the duty which the rich people of our land owe the primary class of pioneers. Had there been no spiritual pioneers there had been no scientific pioneers, and if there had been no scientific pioneers there could have been no American millionaires. The spiritual pioneers are the root, and if St. Paul were speaking he would say once again, "Thou bearest not the root but the root thee." This, therefore, is a theme to which our men of mammoth modern fortunes are vitally related, "wherefore I beseech them to read me patiently."

Were I to undertake to write a purely argumentative book it would be easy to demonstrate as clearly as a geometric problem that our rich people are confronted with three overwhelming facts:

- I. That if it had not been for the rousing edu-

cative inspirations of the pioneer preachers, there could not have been in such numbers, nor with such successes, the numerous other pioneers of agriculture, mining, engineering, and the more minute and multifarious industries and inventions which have brought our country to such a pitch of grandeur, and which promise to carry it to such scientific splendors as were never dreamed of by the most optimistic seers of old.

II. That if it had not been for these scientific pioneers of modern progress through the multiplication and application of labor-saving and money-making mechanical inventions, there could not have existed the *opportune conditions* by which so many of our energetic and enterprising fellow citizens have become so suddenly and so abundantly opulent.

III. That if our wealthy people desire to continue these opportune conditions and maintain their wealth, peace and prosperity in the future as in the past and present, the only way open to them is to come to the rescue and maintain the propagation of those *primary pioneers* who propagated the secondary pioneers who have been the immediate instruments in developing the productivity of the bosom of the earth through the appliances of scientific inventions and of honest and earnest skilled labor

Aye, more, that if wealthy people desire any kind of *permanent security* against retrogression to lawlessness, confusion and revolution which would result in a violent confiscation of their rights and riches, the only sure way of attaining it is by a deliverance of God's *neglected primary pioneers*, who now in their old age are more than half starving on an average support of only fifteen cents per day. These premises it would be easy to demonstrate as infallibly valid from history generally; the constitution of things particularly, and the irrevocable decrees of the Creator intrinsically. But a historical, philosophical and theological analysis of these primordial and vital premises and of the propositions they enforce would lead out into a scope requiring several large volumes. Besides most people in these full, rapid days have neither time nor taste for reading such elaborate investigations. I shall therefore leave behind (except as a working basis) the vast reaches of remote history, the immense realms of abstract philosophy, and the infinite depths, heights, lengths and breadths of theology, and use them only as backgrounds of the most amazing picture that ever was presented to the mind of man.

A picture so terrible it should make us fear.

A picture so piteous it should make us weep.

A picture so unkind it should make us "mourn."

A picture so unjust, so unseemly and so cruel it will make justice roar with the anguish of violated honor and outraged virtue, and hurl upon us the wrath of inexorable equity. This can only be averted by performing the duty of deliverance these pages unfold.



### CHAPTER III.

The Ideal Man—Millionaire Estimates—The Central Force—Pioneer Rangings—Achievements of Strange Man of the Wilderness—Like a Cavalcade of Grandeur—Mid Mists of Morning—The Travelling Treasure—Wrecked Kingdom—Twenty-Five Millions—A Modest Request—Riches That Amaze the World—How to Keep Them—Strange Rumbblings—Love Indispensable as Sunshine to Flower—Excuses That do Not Excuse—Vanishing Vestiges of Civilized Savagery—Crapulent Cormorants—The Clemmed Culprit—Stately Star Seen by Thoughtful Few—Spiritual Filial Fidelity—The one Working Principle of the Universe—The Millionaire who Rises to the Crisis—God's Man for the Hour.

**P**HYSICAL training helps intellectual culture, intellectual culture aids moral development, and moral development sustains and strengthens spiritual and ethical evolution. This trinity of human forces acts and re-acts upon each other. The highest type of man is the physical, mental and spiritual athlete. The physical giant may be brutal; the mental giant may be pedantic; the spiritual giant may be fanatical, but the ideal man is free from these defects and bears in his being a beautiful interblending of

perfect body, mind and soul. The body is outward and perishable; the mind is intermediary and expansive; the soul is central and immortal. It is interesting to notice how our leading millionaires view the relative importance of this trio of human nature. Gauging by the way the Vanderbilts usually dispose of themselves one would suppose they deem the physical most important. Judging by the vast sums Mr. Carnegie gives to found libraries one would reckon he esteems the mind of most importance.

Estimating Mr. Rockefeller by the millions he devotes to the Chicago University you would conclude that mental training is his supreme desire. In looking at the gifts and labors of Mr. Morgan and Mr. Wanamaker you would conclude that they, too, have some regard for the physical, more for the intellectual, but most for the spiritual. But, however, this may be if all these gentlemen were closeted in discussion with a competent spiritual analyst and psychologist after looking at the dissection and weighing the analytic evidences, they would likely all conclude that whilst the soul may and must be influenced by physical conditions and intellectual processes yet the soul is greater than the mind as the mind is greater than the body. Therefore the soul should be the special object of chief care and

culture, and that its development should be constantly the aim and end of physical exercises and intellectual accomplishments. Thus they would after a deep and all including investigation be in exact accord, at least in theory, with the genuine pioneer preacher. He always aims at one object — the soul — because it is the central force in man as steam is the propulsive power of a steamship.

This soul, he believes, is composed mainly of affections and will, and these are the two propelling powers in man, as centripetal and centrifugal forces are in the starry sky. When he has captured and placed these in training he has placed the whole man under wealth, producing and elevating energy. This the Spiritual Pioneer in our Republic has been doing since Bishop Asbury's day till the present. He has penetrated every forest with the explorer and prospector. He has traversed every prairie, scaled every mountain, entered every valley close behind the plainsman and mountaineer, and changed them from lawless brigands to public benefactors.

He has taught the frontiersmen to educate their children; given impetus and guidance to their enterprises, and multiplied and enlarged their best ambitions. He has clarified the atmosphere of their morals, given girth and grandeur to their



resolutions, and sent them with songs in their souls after the riches the great Provider has hidden in the earth for his latter-day children. He has sent them with hymns in their hearts into the virgin forests to clear them for the coming harvests, and guided their architectural hands as they have covered the Commonwealth with homes, ranging from shack to palace, from little red schoolhouse to marble university, from small wooden church to imposing Cathedral.

Few industrial developments have been begun without the inspiration of his thought. Few golden harvests gathered without the influence of his words. No imperial enterprise, born and matured without the breathing splendor of his spirit somewhere in some way. The mastery of minerals and cereals; the culture of fruits and flowers; the adornment of garden, wold and hurst; the development of valley, hill and mountain; the alignment of township, village and city by many a lonely river, on many a sage brush plain; the opening of the long, closed cabinets of Jehovah's jewels by the miners eager toil, all have felt the impress of his thought, the loving kindness of his heart, and the impelling genius of his wandering but progressive life.

This strange man of the wilderness, riding to and

fro, fearless of Indians, faithful to all and foe to none, was both the wonder and the charm of the men of the ever westward moving border. But whilst he was the one lone star of the ever expanding west he was no less busy in the ever advancing east, as well as in the centre of the land. Who has stood behind the inception of that new series of progressions that now defile daily before our eyes? Who has been behind the endless evolutions of engineering skill? Who has thrown the American mind into such on-going, inquiring, and inventive mood? Who has inspired the ambition that sends the mightiest steamships out upon the sea; the grandest locomotives bounding along the prairies and winding around the mountains, and the intricate technologies that pour forth their myriad, labor saving machines? Who inspired the fabrication of the vast and varied ornamental and comforting utilities flowing from the hiving factories to the ends of the earth? Ah! you say naturally enough American genius, created by the common school, cherished by the high school, and nourished into fulness by the polytechnic school, college and university; just so, and in thus seeing the proximate cause you forget the remote and natal cause.

The unsung and unseen pioneer who inspired

most of them, who saw them in prophecy, who prayed and preached for their arrival, who labored for their coming, who converted the people, who instructed the people, who inspired the people and qualified the people in the camp, world, home and church by bringing into their life that great Heavenly illumination and emancipating force that produces economies, purposes, plans, industrialisms, habits and customs that are gradually making this Republic the instructress and treasury of the world was, is and is to be the heart regenerating preacher. You may smile and say, why of course the schools are the Fountain Heads of these moods, methods and principles that make genuine, progressive patriots of us all. Yes, but who have been, are, and shall be the Fountain Heads of the schools? Who? Who but the pioneer preachers who, over thirty thousand strong, swept and sweep over this nation, everywhere creating the schools by creating a demand for them in the minds and hearts of the people they called to regeneration.

These are the clear-minded, loving-hearted heroes who did and do this initial, inceptive, indispensable work. Like a cavalcade of grandeur they forsook all, sacrificed all that the guiding splendors of the Almighty might shine upon the rising young Republic,

and after these holy splendors had been shed abroad over every incoming immigrant, assimilating him to the body politic, and over every native born American, giving him the impulse of progress and of genius, amid many misunderstandings and misrepresentations which are the natural flotsam and jetsam of a progressive state of things, these cavaliers of God have contentedly laid down their lives in labor that the prosperities of the people might proceed.

No matter what work of progressive grandeur, or achievement of national splendor you consider, if you go back far enough and examine honestly, deeply and broadly enough you will find amid the mists of its morning and stages of its progress the progressive Spirit of the Itinerant pioneer. The itinerating Ministry of Methodism and the itinerating ministry of science for over one hundred years have marched side by side for the enrichment of this Republic, and now are on the march over the two great oceans for the enrichment of the human race. But, mark it well, the dominating spirit of the movement is the spirit of the itinerating treasure, the pioneer, who starts and keeps the masses of the people going in the right direction.

As people ride their automobiles, glide in Pull-

man cars, speed over oceans on flying palaces, they forget the silent, solemn preachers who kindled the fires in the human hearts that set the fabricating functions of the mind going that have produced and are producing the endless improvements, conveniences and comforts of life.

And just at this forgotten pivotal point begin the symptoms of degeneration and decay. It was when the ruined nations forgot and forsook their virtuous fathers their decomposition set in. It was when Rehoboam refused the counsel of the venerable Fathers and adopted that of fashionable and youthful snobbery, he wrecked in a few hours the splendid Kingdom of Solomon that King David built. In the last analysis, if you use your spectroscope skilfully, you will find the real instrumental springs of the unexampled prosperity of this nation were and are the travelling pioneers. Their preaching touched the hearts of the seething millions, transformed them into aspiring wealth-producing citizens. Their preaching and praying projected a new spirit and power into the other churches, so that they have joined the procession of progress.

Their ready and adapted oratory put ambition into the heart, thought into the head, and skill into

the hand of the immigrants and smelted them into one, in the assimilating furnace. The sound of the accumulating riches of these immigrants spread over the earth. Seekers of fortunes were drawn to this land by opportunities to make fortunes and by protection in keeping them. They in turn came under the spell of the preachers' principles and became wealth-producing units. These units, to a remarkable degree, following the teaching of their travelling treasures, the pioneers, gradually acquired mental concentration, invention, application and persistence. These qualities in action soon produced men of power who forged ahead of their fellows; men who have been swift to grasp and strong to hold the wealth-evolving elements. They saw the opportunity furnished them. They embraced it, and each successful venture made the next more successful, till by successive accumulations we have thousands of millionaires, and we are glad of it. And while the middle rich ought to help to rescue these pioneers, our millionaires are the favored people who above all others are called upon by God, nature and circumstances to come most promptly and munificently to the relief of men who impoverished themselves to make the forces that made them the richest men in the world. Out of the

billions they possess we surely do not request too much when we plead for a Permanent Fund of \$25,000,000, the proceeds of which would yield a dollar a day to all our most needy veterans throughout the Republic for all time. We long for a moving proposal from a competent rich person, whether man or woman, on this first proposition. We yearn also for a competent and competitive proposal for our local proposition which is to raise for the poor, suffering, worn-out pioneers, with their widows and orphans, of the New England Conferences the sum of \$250,000, to form for them also a *Fund for all* time which will take the ragged edge off their sufferings by yielding them also a dollar per day. The request we make is extremely modest in presence of the affluence in which we make it on the one hand and the dire needs of the case on the other. But either of these propositions becomes increasingly humble and unassuming when it is remembered that they are made on behalf of a class of worthies who have suffered too much by far already, on behalf of a class who never should have been permitted to suffer, on behalf of a class who must continue to suffer if these propositions by the rich are not promptly responded to. On behalf of a class who have enabled those we especially address

to become rich, honored and capable captains in the great industrialisms that have made so many so opulent.

Had there been no progressive, inventive industrialisms, there had been no abounding millions of money. And if there had been no transforming, guiding, preaching pioneers there had been few, if any, progressive industrialisms. Therefore, if there had been no self-sacrificing pioneers there had been no self-indulgent millionaires. I do not say millionaires deserve no credit. I do not detract from the fact, ladies and gentlemen of the field of the cloth of gold, that you are financial experts, splendid operators, mighty rulers of men, powerful leaders of the world's interests. But I do contend that it was the pioneer preachers in this pioneer country, who, by their wise and virtuous shaping of the ever incoming masses, gave you the *right material to work with* and to work at. This fact you cannot afford to overlook in considering the causes that enabled you to work out success so splendidly.

Never before were you so well able to help the pioneers who so magnificently have helped you by making the men who have enabled you to make yourselves. Your riches fill the banks, flood the cities, overflow the country and amaze the world.



Do you desire these riches to continue? Do you desire law instead of anarchy, order instead of confusion, peace instead of violence, prosperity instead of revolution and rapacity, continuation of your good times, or a whelming rush and roar of evil times that will make your life unsafe and your property insecure? If you wish a continuance of the best for yourselves, your families and your country, then provide for pioneers, at least a living support, who have provided, are providing, and shall provide the best there is for you and yours. If you want the worst neglect them, ignore them, repudiate them, and that worst may be here sooner than you now suppose. I do not enjoy some of the rumblings that I hear coming from yonder deep, seething sea of the masses. It sounds too much like the Crater of Vesuvius before an eruption. The only power that can allay the fierce fires of explosion is the power of God's loving kindness given through his Ministers. And He commits to your care those Ministers when they have grown old in warding off your armoured foes and giving you your financial triumphs.

From Horace Greely to William Randolph Hearst, the illustrious journalists have had their eye on the things of which I speak. They knew and know that

practical, personal, loving kindness is the one impediment for most human ills, and one ounce of it before is better than tons after the tides of disaster have set in.

If you are not a Christian you can be an humanitarian, if not an humanitarian you can be a utilitarian, because from even the utilitarian view point nutrition of the men who have nourished the virtues of the populace is as indispensable as sunshine to the coloration of a flower. The sustentation of the Fathers is the burden of the earth and the heavens, eternal justice lifts up her voice. She demands and must have support for her veterans.

Retired preachers who have been honest and capable are her disabled campaigners. In age and infirmities, brought on by battles *for you*, they must be sustained *by you*, or Justice will find a way of vindication at your expense. We believe you have not done so before because you did not know. Now you have the opportunity of knowing, and I believe you will use it, because we are responsible for what we *can* know as well as for what we *do* know. And we believe you will succor them cheerfully and abundantly. You will not hide under shallow and shameful excuses.

You will not say the debt of support is due but

is not collectable by common law, or that the preachers should have taken care to provide for their old age, when, the fact is, they could not provide thus for themselves and also provide the means that have enabled you to provide so well for you and yours. Or that they do not belong to your denomination, sect, or party, when the truth is they belong to all denominations, sects and parties by the heavenly help they have given all. Or that they chose the life of poverty with Jesus now let Jesus provide for them, when the record is that Jesus Himself had those who ministered unto him even the rich Arimathean who gave him his sepulchre. You will not, therefore, screen yourself from duty under such deceptive, self-excusing, which are the last resort of dodgers of duty.

As brotherhood increases cruel shirks are vanishing as the vestiges of a civilized savagery which for cold-hearted and feeble-minded cruelty never was surpassed by the voracities of the most malignant cannibalism. Physical cannibalism devours only the bodies of enemies, but the rapacious cormorants who refuse to rescue the very friends who have made them, gradually eat the flesh off their bodies and drink the strength of their souls. The culprit has sometimes been clemmed,

at other times burned to death, but that is mercy itself compared with the slow, tantalizing torture of murder by inches till the glorious victim dies of a broken heart, which in this case is but another name for starvation. And all this in the light of the most tremendous and most magnificent truth that ever flashed upon the worlds most tragic scenes. That great cardinal truth shining so brightly is seen by but the thoughtful few. The exhaling vapors from the vales of selfishness are so dense that the greedy man gets gleams of it only as a distant and fleeting star. But there it is not only in the Heavens, but on the earth and throughout the entire universe. Surpassing all other orbs of light it shines under, over, round, and through all as the luminous presence on which all moral worlds are strung. And this is it: a new name, perhaps, but the thing has always been and ever shall be there. The new name is *Spiritual Filial Fidelity*. Faithfulness of Spiritual Children to Spiritual Fathers is the one Supreme principle on which the moral creation is constructed and advances to its goal.

Cut to the core, therefore, and you will find Spiritual Filial Fidelity the greatest thing in existence. Greater than Love, for it is Love applied. Greater than the Kingdom of God for it

is the Kingdom of God in action. It pervades living mind and ascending soul as sap permeates a healthy tree. It is our home-bringing clasp upon the Heavenly Father and upon our Spiritual Fathers who have brought us forth out of the womb of chaos to Him. It is the Christian's Court Card, order of day, Master stroke, mainstay and eternal spring by which He ascends with Christ. Its practice is fundamental. It cannot be ignored without death, nor practised without life. It is the one intrinsic essential. By it we flow up to God. Through it He flows down to us. It is the one fusing factor between us and the Father, just as Jesus is the one vital medium between us and the Holy Spirit. Jesus Himself "at sundry times and in divers manners" gives it this place of primacy. Thus then Spiritual Filial Fidelity is the first thing and the greatest thing to practice at this and every stage of life's long ascent.

But provisioning our Spiritual Fathers is Spiritual Filial Fidelity at work. Therefore, providing for our Spiritual Fathers is the greatest and first thing to do.

Do this great deed, and do it first, and all else will follow in orderly sequence. Neglect this and you rend your relation to the established law and order of God's own universe, and everything else you do

will be out of order and end in confusion and disaster. Therefore, if you want to avoid bitter and irremediable disappointment give this first and fundamental principle your first remedial care. This is an epoch-making time in this matter. There is now an opportunity to make a glorious record, by doing a glorious deed, such as world and Church never offered before. The conscience of humanity is waking up to the fact that it has been sinning grievously against God, by sinning stingily against his venerable and retired Commissioners. The millionaire who, at this crisis steps to the front with a proposition sufficiently large to command the attention of mankind, and set an example of leadership, will be God's immortalized hero for this century and all centuries. The time is ripe. The whole universe is waiting with breathless spell and watching with eager interest for that epochal person who shall swing the whole world round by a most munificent gift as a tribute of appreciation and gratitude to God's Ambassadors for what they have done, are doing, and are to do. Speak but the word, oh! millionaire, at this special pendency and thou shalt be the leader of the greatest work God intends to have done now upon the earth.

## CHAPTER IV.

The Outrider—The Daggered Foe—Clash of Arms—New Army—Cromwell's Hosts—Regenerative Element—Love's Full Sister—King of Every Grace—Mr. Andrew Carnegie—Demand and Supply—Hobo and Hero—Armoured Republic—Heavenly Oracle—Historic Excursion—No Missionless Nation—Trend Aiming at Perfection—Light Like Radium—Travelling For Truth—Amid Mists of Inciency—Billonaires—Incidental Increments.

**T**HIS is a pioneer country. It was commenced by spiritual pioneers, continued by scientific pioneers, and is being built up by financial pioneers.

It could not be founded by plundering forays and rapacious brigandage of the pillaging Spanish buccaneers. These privateering speculators tried it and failed. In proportion as their spirit prevailed in any part of our nation there has been failure. In proportion as the purpose of the magnanimous and intelligent philanthropists prevailed there has been success. Of these man lovers, the pioneer itinerant preacher has been the van courier, the outrider, who pointed the rising mind of the expanding Republic

to the sources of national strength and personal pre-eminence. Thirty thousand of these are still in the field ; their numbers are increasing daily. They are the Harbingers of a still brighter dawn, the Heralds of a more glorious day ; the promoters of the best there is. We cannot conceive how the life of the nation, which is righteousness, can be conserved without them. They are God's consecrated mediums of the treasures heaven has for earth. They bring the knowledge of sin, man's worst enemy. They have unveiled that foe in his insidious and secret lurkings, dragged him from ambushment, and daggered him before the opening eyes of the world.

With unrelenting and valliant hands they have hurled this monster from his hurtling throne and proclaimed him the one worst outlaw of the universe.

This knowledge has come to millions of our countrymen and women who have leaped from death in trespasses to life in righteousness.

Thus they have escaped weakness, woe, bitterness, strife, and the sorrow, agony and despair that *Sin* always breeds in undirected humanity. But there was another great work needed. No one could by nature, philosophy, learning, art, statesmanship or science tell how regenerative forces and functions could be found.



Sin was the murderous outlaw and the most difficult thing to flee from. Who could proclaim how or where to flee? There is a man speaking eagerly his mighty message. It is so important it is like a fire blazing in his bones. He utters it by wayside, in field, street, store, home, church. It is the one burning burden of his fast consuming life. He feels its pressure like that of flaming destiny propelling him to proclaim it. Woe is to him if he stop speaking. He knows the need by the sin-smitten people. That communication he has to deliver was not given by men; it is a despatch from Eternity. It was not received by natural laws nor cosmic processes. It came straight from the Father through the Son. It is regenerative tidings, containing a new life conveyed by the Envoy of heaven. This *Chief Legate* compressed it into a short sentence so that the crier might have much in little to cry. That cry is from the infallible tongue of the *Herald-in-Chief*, and this is it, "*Ye must be born again.*" This has been the central and most urgent truth of every faithful ambassador; there could be no compromise; the flag bearer must hold up this banner; the trumpeter must give no uncertain sound. It was this sentence that Europe strove to stifle, and wherever she succeeded she produced strangulation. It was this

strange transforming sentence that Barbara Heck, Philip Embury, Bishop Asbury, Robert Strawbridge, and Captain Webb carried in their hearts across the sea and the excitements of revolution, and the clash of arms, and the terrible arbitrament of war linked to the stupid drivellings of Thomas Paine could not hush the ever swelling cadences of this one sonorous strain.

Shortly after the baffled British sailed from New York Bay, and Washington sheathed his sword, these Heralds of this new but old announcement multiplied exceedingly. They were God's fresh envoys to the rising and inchoate Republic to prepare for the reign of peace by the rebirth of the people, which has so gloriously resulted in expansion of our territory, development of our soil, and the birth, growth and success of new mechanisms and industries. Without these pioneering emissaries the work of the Revolutionary Fathers would have been largely vain.

But the tongues, pens and powers of these new-born heroes held all the colonists had won, and stretched out afar for more. Travelling night and day, winter and summer, these knights of the saddle transformed the wilderness into a paradise, and laid broad, deep and secure, the foundations of a Com-

monwealth, consisting of the greatest convolution of cosmopolite forces that ever appeared upon the planet.

Encouraged by success and inflamed by the Holy Spirit there was no forest too dense for these Heralds of Christ to penetrate, no river too deep or dangerous for them to swim, no savages too fierce for them to face, no winter so cold as to chase them from the trail after the souls of men, nor summer so sweltering as to prevent them travelling from the embracing sea to the remotest borders of the wild frontier. Their columns were thinned by the disasters of the wilderness, but like Cromwell's hosts they kept the ranks full, and travelling over the bodies of their dead comrades pressed on to victory. It was such heroes as these compelled every sincere, sagacious statesman to feel that in the Methodist itinerants they had the *foremost master builders* of a great nation.

They knew and know that Congress might form laws, but the preachers produced the men that would keep them and see that others do the same.

They knew and know that in the presence of the untrained passions of mankind, laws are as feeble to bind men together in communities of peace, prosperity and love as were the cords

that Sampson snapped like threads of tow. But the regenerative quality prescribed and administered ubiquitously met all classes from all climes with an allopathic specific that scientifically, as well as scripturally, brought the majority into working harmony with the Constitutional edicts. This regenerative element has been, is, and is to be the conserving force of this enlarging nation; and it shall be an ominous day when either scientific, political, industrial or moneyed leaders discount or ignore the Conveyancers of this conservative propagative energy. Common gratitude ought to lead the well-to-do and wealthy to take first-class care of these Conveyancers. Than gratitude there is scarcely a greater grace. She is Love's full sister, born and bred in the queenly courts of heavenly appreciation. Her cheek is flush with bloomy youth; her eye bright with seemly intelligence; her step light and graceful as the dawn of morning, and her glow glorious as the noon of day. Let her face shine upon the palace of the millionaire; let her rosy light beam into his inner heart, and it will be seen how graciously he will respond to the needs of his most needy and worthy friend, the worn-out pioneer. And there is justice, the king of every grace, the umpire of every virtue, the mighty one who

holds the scales of equity even. This most impartial King will brook no insult but will stay by the soul till He is satisfied. Imperial Law is his mace of office, and when it falls with trenchant force there is no room for mercy. For him the American citizen, as a rule, has respectful regard, and often we hear him say, "Let justice be done though the heavens fall," and as for the earnest Christian, as soon would he part with life as part with justice. It is, therefore, not to be claimed that either American citizens or American Christians leave retired envoys of their Heavenly King to pine and perish from base malignity or foulest selfishness, but rather from want of appreciation of their circumstances arising out of want of knowledge, and therefore we believe that when they know the facts they will work out a speedy, safe and permanent deliverance, and we trust we place no undue draft on faith in believing this.

If Mr. Andrew Carnegie, that sagacious and well-meaning Scot, has been so munificent as to give a vast amount to compensate heroes, who have simply done some secular heroic act or acts, what will not he do, and what will not others of similar superior spirit do when they really learn that at the base and beginning, and through all the course of their cumulative prosperity, there were men doing heroic deeds

every day of every year ; bravest deeds in the realm of emerging mind ; intrepid deeds in the region of expanding soul ; gallant deeds ; deeds of prowess, of mettled chivalry and courage, such as no mere physical heroism can approach in grandeur, much less equal or surpass, and that these were the man-building men that have secured and spread abroad the great and girding principles of our social, national and monetary success, and that now these same most valliant heroes, who spent all their time, strength and property in advancing the mighty forces to the front that have made, are making, and are to continue to make us as a people superior to any other in the world, are now themselves, as a result of their heroic sacrifices, suffering the pangs of poverty and the anguish of distress for want of proper food, shelter and clothing. What will Mr. Carnegie and other humane millionaires like him do when they learn this story ? My belief is, they will nobly come to the deliverance and be sorry they were not informed of the most pitiful and even shameful spectacle sooner.

But lest it may appear that my picture of hope is rather rubicund in its rubesence, let us fall back a little toward foundations and view it more analytically.

In our descent toward the basis of things we see

there was as much matter in the United States a thousand years ago as there is to-day.

As much coal, as many metallic ores, soils and other sources of wealth as there are now. But the Indians had not the mental qualities to make use of these wealth producing elements, and even if they had there was no demand among their fellow aborigines. The demand had to be created before the supply could be of value, but that demand could only be created by creative minds, and those creative minds could only be supplied by the raising, instructing, transforming preacher.

It would take us too far afield to enter upon the psychology of this statement, albeit its laws would add to the strength of my assertion. But let us take one illustration out of many with which I am familiar. He was a young Hobo of the most vagabondish kind. To a vagrant spirit he added malignant temper. His diabolic disposition and culpable conduct were the despair of his friends and the terror of his foes; he was evil and only evil, and that continually. His wickedness of heart was only equalled by his dense stupidity of head; his brain was as barren as a zahara, and his soul deceitful as a serbonian swamp. Of low and lawless heredity he was the most poisonous weed of the entire stock.

But this worst specimen of humanity came one night by accident under the thunderous yet tender tones of the voice of one of our veterans. Those alarming appeals from the man of God awakened him, struck conviction through his guilty soul, and he felt himself hanging over the rim of ruin, and about to lose his grip and plunge into the abyss of doom. He called for help and mercy ; he experienced peace and hope through pardon ; he received the witness after "strong crying and tears" that he was a new creature. The dull stagnant faculties of his mind began to move and to emerge ; he did not want learning, now he hungers for it ; he did not like to think, now he enjoys it ; he hated Church, Sabbath and Bible, now he loves them ; his mind opens, thrills and vibrates under the preacher's prism, that prism focuses upon him the rays of the Sun of Righteousness." They formerly passed over him ; they now pass into him. He is illuminated, electrified, inspired, instructed, impelled, and his whole intellectual life longs for knowledge as his spiritual yearns for love. That knowledge is attainable. He rises at four o'clock in the morning to acquire it ; he devours it omnivorously. School, college, university were his fortune but not his fate, To him they were but introductions to the vast fields



over which his alert and ardent mind ever ranges, drinking knowledge and power as bee the honey.

To-day he stands a peer among princes. *He was a Hobo; he is a Hero.* He is ever on the march. He knows no goal but goodness. With giant faith he removes all obstructions, he surmounts the improbable, conquers the impossible, and stands in his rising prime the strenuous and capable benefactor of mankind.

This is no solitary nor, indeed, unusual instance. This republic is armoured with such re-created men and women as a warship with steel. They are the real grenadiers that garrison the nation. Here one is the benevolent banker and faithful financier.

There another is the wizard inventor that charms giants to his side, or the glorious engineer that harnesses them to duty. Here one is the architect under whose witching wand spring up palaces that put to shame those of Arabian Knights. There another is promoter of enterprises that open the cabinets of jewels hidden by the *great Provider* for his people. Here one is a commercial commander, whose capacities guide the argosies of the seas and fleets of the ocean.

There another is a statesman whose voice decides far greater destinies than those of Clay or Webster.

Here is a departmental merchant who brings in easy reach of the poor conveniences that were denied kings and queens of olden times, or he may be one only in the common walks of life; he may be even poor. But wherever you find this man who has been touched by the principles of the faithful preacher you discover an industrial wealth producing power in the Republic; a blessing to his time, kind and country. What town, city or state in this land that has not such superior re-born men working out its welfare. But that marvellous mentality of these men could never have burst into blossom, nor formed into fruit, but for the brooding soul-inspiring thought and guiding words of the pioneer preacher. He is the heavenly oracle from whom the greatest men this nation has produced have taken their marching orders.

Mere mention of the names, Lincoln, Grant, Garfield and McKinley suggest a host of others. If you still need further proof run your mind down history as far as you can go.

Travel from now till you mingle with the gray dawn of ancient Egypt's story or old Assyria's history. Let your mind range carefully and critically over the vast expanse between then and now, and after you have finished your historic voyage on

the ocean of the dead show me a single man or woman who has done anything to advance the important interests of the human race, and I will show you a man or woman who, at some time in some way, came into contact with the pioneer oracular or his representative, for the substantial progressionist has never existed who has not directly, indirectly or proxically been brought within the holy halo of God's great pioneers.

In saying this we do not affirm that the heathen world has not produced anything worth producing. Egyptians produced their hieroglyphic monoliths, splendid sarcophagi, statues, temples and pyramids.

Assyrians, hanging gardens, populous cities and cuneiform inscriptions.

Greeks, cadenced poetry, profound philosophy and ideal sculpture.

Romans, august armies, imperial laws and dominating authority.

Teutons, scaldic bards, inspiring sagas and love of liberty.

Hebrews, imposing symbols, splendid foretokenings and grand adumbrations.

Mohammedans, flaming zeal, abolition of idols and deific unity.

Brahmans, subtle systems of contemplation ; Budd-

hists, prolonged methods of absorbing meditation. All this and much more the heathen mind has evolved, and it is well to acknowledge the best they have brought forth, but it is most important to know that what they have wrought is of little value except as under divine guidance it prepared for the infinitely greater things that have come to us. No heathen nation has existed without a mission, and that mission when surveyed in its relation to the whole mass of humanity will be seen either to have prepared or to be still preparing the human race for the coming of its *Final Heavenly Deliverer*. Study deeply, relatively and carefully each people's product and you will perceive, if you take the all-including view, if you secure the encyclopedic vision, that each product is a providential provision which solidly stands like a great solidified pedament crowned with an angel, pointing to the Redeeming King. Such an universal sight is hard to obtain, but whoever obtains it after surveying the infinite plan and progress of Jehovah can never, thereafter, be either a sceptical infidel or a luke-warm Christian. The products then of non-Christian nations have preparatory importance, but only as adjunctive corollaries fore-figuring the final goal we are now rapidly nearing. There is nothing in any heathen system that produces the ultimate

perfection of mankind, but was intended only to prepare for that perfection.

But the moment you cross the border and enter lands where the ambassadors of Christ have had full swing and fair play, you find men and things on the upward trend, and aiming at perfection.

You find nature and mechanism combined, brought to the help of man. You find the brains that the pioneer preachers have touched teeming with fertility producing machinery for the world's work; machinery for taking us rapidly over land and sea; machinery for annihilating space, and bringing our fellows within speaking distance, while labor saving productions spread far and near, over earth and ocean. This people call modern progress. It is, but is at root preacher's progress, because it has flowed from brains that in some way have been brought under the illuminating power of the pen or voice or influence of the preacher who has come forth charged with a message from the presence of God. We do not say that in all cases this influence has come directly. For as the river passes through many processes, in sky and earth, before it reaches its mother sea, so a flood of light passes often through many mystic ways after it leaves the soul of the preacher before it reaches its final object. We can

name great inventors who apparently never passed through the direct experience that comes from personal surrender to the preacher's voice. Yet that is no evidence against, but rather for the truth we enforce, for it demonstrates that the pioneer's light is so strong that like radium it shines through dense substances and influences favorably minds at a distance that never have fully submitted to its sway. Thus, then, from what has gone before, it is plain that the pioneer has led the way to the source of power by proclaiming in the source of suffering regeneration the process of escape, and that this recreative power gives light, life and energy to the minds of the masses, directly and indirectly, and that this intellectual quickening has produced modern progressions, and modern progressions furnished conditions that in their combined industrial connections have enabled our most sagacious and enterprising people to become surpassingly rich in this world's riches.

But this conclusion you still may question. Then come with me another tack and view, the statement from the siftings of a traveling inspector. The insights and outsidings of travel broaden, brighten and rectify ones mentality more accurately than any other means of scientific vision concerning anthropology.

With all the ardor of a soul in search of truth I have spent years in travel trying to come to some intelligent conclusion about the mission and meaning of this strange existence. If you come with me over the lands I have investigated with these problems in view you may see something of what I see.

We plough Pacific waves and visit its ample Isles, Sandwich, Friendlies, New Zealand, Australia, Vandieman's Land — no advancement there except what the pioneer preacher has begun. Borneo, Java, Sumatra, Philippines — no advancement there except what the pioneer preacher has begun.

Japan, China, Malacca, Siam, Burmah — no industrial progress here but what the pioneer preacher has begun.

India, Arabia, Egypt — no industrial progressions here except what the pioneer preacher has begun. Palestine, Syria, Turkey — no industrial progressions here but what the pioneer preacher has begun.

Cyprus, Greece, Sicily, Italy, Austria Germany, Switzerland, France — no great modern progressions here but what the pioneer preacher has begun.

England, Ireland, Scotland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden — no modern progressions here but what the pioneer preacher has begun. The Canadas, North,

South, East and West ; America, from where Alaska pillows her quiet head, amid the icebergs of the North, to where Florida bathes her feet in the warm waters of the South — no modern progressions here but what the pioneer preacher has prepared men to produce.

Thus I have examined, by personal inspection on the spot, the great countries of the world (except Russia), and I have run my eye down along the line of each, great and small, modern industrial stream flowing for human welfare, and strange to say that in every case I found a pioneer preacher standing at its initial point, and in one way or another promoting its progress. At the fountain head, amid the mists of its incipency, shrouded from the world's eye in the clouds of inchoation, yet there he stands in the darkness as the one great accoucheur bringing to the birth the mighty forces that are evolving all kinds of improvements and progressions for the enrichment of the human race. But these modern improvements and progressions produce the millionaires, therefore, the preacher, through them, evolves the millionaires.

The preacher stands at the poor end of the line, but he is at the inceptive end all the same, and if it had not been for his inception the line could not be



there. He spins it out of his own life, and has become weak, worn, old and poor by the exhaustive operation, while they who took advantage of the opportunities he furnished enjoy the rich results.

Of this the pioneer preacher is glad. It is the greatest joy to him to know others are made happy by his toils. It gladdens him to know that while his main commission is to make *Eternal Billionaires*, he incidentally makes temporary millionaires. It is a demonstration of the overflowing fullness of his gospel. The *temporary millionaires* are the *incidental increments*, the "*By products*" of his wondrous work. And what we claim is that these "By Products" should take good care of him who produces them, especially when he is worn, aged and exhausted. This is their duty to him and to themselves. To him because he needs it; to themselves because if uncared for the pioneer class shall cease to produce. "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth, there is that withholdeth more than is meet but it tendeth to poverty. The liberal soul shall be made fat, and he that watereth shall be watered also himself."

## CHAPTER V.

Richest Scion of Scottish Tree—No Steel Without Skill—No Skill Without Pioneers—Therefore No Steel King Without Pioneers—Like Everest Among Mountains—Mr. Rockefeller and Oil—Indian and Oil—Lucknow of Distress—General Arousement—Proposition Needed—Like Mary's Spikenard—Units floating in Flux—The Sad Reversal—A Dooming Sin—Quotations from Mr. Andrew Carnegie—Other Carnegies—We Like Our Own Andrew Best—They Do Not Know—Sensitively Strung—Men Who Own Billions—The True Balance—God's Own Man for the Hour—

**A**RE you now convinced? If not, as I am bound to convince you beyond all doubt, let us take another new tack and get you safe to port in peace, for if I land you it will be a blessed port for you, and for many through you. I suppose I'm speaking to a millionaire.

Well let us take a live millionaire to illustrate. Suppose Mr. Andrew Carnegie with his Scotch sagacity had said, "I am going to make a fortune of \$300,000,000 out of steel." He knew steel is made out of iron and iron out of ore. He found men to dig the ore. But suppose the men of the country had all been unskilled and did not know how to build a

blast furnace, nor how to make iron out of ore, nor steel out of iron. With such uneducated, incapable men, Mr. Carnegie could not have turned out from the crucibles such quantity and quality of steel as have made him the richest scion that ever blossomed upon a Scottish tree. The raw material would have been useless with raw men. He needed trained men as smelters, as refiners, as rollers; men who knew how to toughen, trim, shape and fashion the steel into marketable moulds. Then he needed a still higher class of men. He required contractors, overseers, promoters, chemists, clerks, salesmen and planners who knew how to push the products to the seat of demand from the source of supply, and he found these men. And why? Because the various industries, schools, colleges had been preparing them for years. But who founded our industrialisms, schools and skill-giving institutions? Our people! Why our people? Because they had the desire and capacity! Who gave them the desire and the capacity? Nature and the Creator. But whom did God and nature use in giving the people the pre-requisites that led them to desire to become skilled producers, and so to educate themselves for the purpose?

If you know the case you answer most emphatically the renovating, inspiring pioneer preacher.

He has been the honored, unrecognized worker who, from the base of supplies, has been sending forth with a fine frenzy of sublime ambition the most patient, painstaking and successful workers for the last hundred years, and especially the last fifty years. Behind, beside, in or through, in some way or other, by person or by proxy, he has moved as the one imperial figure with "Excelsior" streaming from his lips over the entire land. This *Itinerating Treasurer* has been appealing to our millions, directly and indirectly bidding all, everywhere, aspire. His voice has been heeded all over the nation, and youth have rushed first into school and next into business as into battle in all States of the Union. He was, therefore, the capable man-maker, and capable men had to be made before wealth could be made, and so while Mr. Carnegie owes much to iron stone, he owes infinitely more to iron in the souls of the brave pioneers who have shaped the minds of men to appreciate the power of skilled workmanship and to take brittle ore and turn it into tough girders that support palaces, or cohesive bands over which steam-horses fly on wheels of thunder with banners of flame.

Once more, suppose Mr. Carnegie had succeeded in making a million tons of steel, what good would that have done him if there had been no demand for

his steel? He knew there was demand for steel else you would not have caught that shrewd Scot making steel.

But who made the demand? Railroads, architects, shipbuilders particularly, and a vast variety of artisans generally. But who originated railroads and all the great array of modern inventions and utilities for which steel is used? The progressive condition of the place and times. But who has shaped the progressive conditions of this place and these times? The men operating in them. But who made the men that operate in them? The evolutionary processes working the world along toward its goal of perfection.

But who set in motion and has kept in action those improving processes, evidently aiming at perfection? Like Everest, among the mountains, standing in indisputable grandeur, the true pioneer preacher stands and shall stand as the God-given Hero through whom and by whom the elevating forces flow that have brought society to such a stage of development as supplies such conditions of demand as enables men of superb ability, like Mr. Carnegie, greatly to enrich themselves, and also greatly serve the public by sagaciously supplying the ever increasing needs of an ever expanding and pro-

gressive people, and what is true of Mr. Carnegie in this connection is true of all millionaires. Therefore you may diverge, differentiate and plead as you please about the complexity of culture, about the endless amount of diversified progressions that have been made in the multifarious manufactures and industrial appliances. But when you come to trace any one of them specifically to its inception that has an upward trend and is making for the welfare of man (if you take the pains to trace it to its original rise), you will, somewhere near that inceptive point, find a praying, pleading pioneer preacher as the humble instrument bringing to the birth the processes that produce it. If you cannot see this take another eminent, living illustration, Mr. John D. Rockefeller. He could have found oil in Pennsylvania and Ohio. But of what great service would such discovery have been under barbaric conditions. That oil had been there for centuries of Indian rule, and little or no use was made of it; and all that has been said about steel in this regard may also be said about oil. The one is solid, the other liquid. They represent the two extremes of modern industrialism. But what is true of the production of one is true also of the other, and all the vast number lying between that make up the great fabric of modern

progress. Mr. Carnegie or his successor produces the metal for the steel structures and Mr. Rockefeller the lubricants. The two help each other, and the whole system of modernity is so adjusted and campaginated as to be mutually helpful like members of the same body. But as to Mr. Rockefeller and his oil, he himself might have been quite clever, a born genius, if you please; he might have been a natural master of drilling and haulage and pipage and refining. Like an acute chemist he might have separated the oil into its original elements, and presented his splendid array of "By Products"; like a giant he might have toiled and secured some results; but if these results had been produced only by himself; if there had been no cultured men to help him; if he could not have called to his aid an army of capable men who fell in with his plans and worked like Titans to carry them toward perfection in practice and spread them all over the world, there never could have been an oil king any more than there could have been an iron king. Thus, you see, whilst millionaires should have all due appreciative praise so far as they are fair, honest, manly and true, yet *you could not have had the millionaires without the capable workmen, and you could not have had the capable workmen without*

*the pioneers, therefore you could not have had the millionaires without the pioneers.*

But there are a great number of well-to-do people between the millionaires and pioneers; people possessing all the way up to the million dollar line. These have been as fully furnished with the opportune conditions for wealth-making by the pioneer preachers as the millionaires. The conditions that enabled men of exceedingly large wealth to make what they have, also have enabled people of more modern means to secure what they possess. The men who made these wealth-producing conditions, therefore, at the expense of their own fortune, should not be permitted to pass without fitting indemnification by the middle rich, as well as by the extremely rich. Mr. Carnegie, in his books, frequently speaks of hoarding "miserable dollars" as one of the evils of our times, and though there is a gracious Gospel in dollars, yet, when they are withheld by thoughtlessness, greed or fraud from those who have a *moral right* to them, they do become most miserable dollars to the holders as well as to those who should have a fair share of them. Let then, the middle rich, combine with the millionaires in coming to relief of the Lucknow of distress, in which the aged pioneers are imprisoned. Common compassion commands this ;



human gratitude requires it ; imperial justice must have it, and Almighty God, in ten thousand ways through His works and words, insists upon it.

There is a general awakening among the people to these impassable and imposing facts. Americans have begun to feel they must take care of the Fathers of favoring conditions if they are going to take care of themselves. They see that the seed corn must be husbanded if next autumn they are to have a harvest. They perceive that they have been pouring out wealth on armies, navies, churches, schools, hospitals, statues and missions, but neglecting the silent, suffering, worn-out Fathers of these and thousands of other vital forces. They begin to gain the conviction that this is neither good manhood, true Christianity, genuine godliness nor safe diplomacy. And so all over the Commonwealth the conviction is growing that the time is ripe to do the magnificent work that ought to be done for the rescue of the Fathers of progress from shame, humiliation, cold, hunger and untimely death.

Under the favoring circumstances the one thing needed is a proposition so powerful and valid that it will become a centre for the benevolence of the people to rise, rally, come forth, cohere and crystallize around. Such a proposition would be the most

humane, useful, popular and successful that ever has been made in this Republic. The people are ready for it. They are looking and praying for it, and there is no doubt it will come. And who will be the fortunate man who will rise first and make such a proposal? That man's fame and fortune will not be lost in the swirling billows of abysmal forgetfulness. That man's name shall never pass away from the admiring and grateful tablets of human memory. It will be looked upon with pride and love, with emotion and gratitude by all parts of the world now, and it will be engraven in letters of immortal lustre athwart the love that belts the heavens and zones the earth. As Mary's precious spikenard that she poured on the person of Him who brought her greatest blessings is still her most magnificent memorial, so the rich, central, conditional offering which some one now may make to provision properly the pioneers who have brought the people of this land their grandest opportunities will be that Maker's most transcendent and triumphant testimonial throughout the ever-rolling annals of immortality.

The illustrious units of the movement already float in flux in the millions of fusing souls of the nation, and anxious eyes are looking for the central column round which they can gather and cohere and

rear one of the most sparkling shafts of grace, dignity, honor and beauty that ever had its base on earth and apex in heaven. Of the worthy sufferers themselves it harrows my heart to speak. They are too noble, sensitive and refined to desire me to make a show of them or their sorrows. I cannot go into detail and bring before your eyes the physical wretchedness, the mental anguish, the deep heart pangs of these most precious people. You can easily judge of it by supposing yourself taken down from comfortable circumstances, where you were pre-eminently honored, loved, welcomed in your labors and supported suitably by the best society, and then only because you had grown old or become *en passe*, dropped utterly into retirement without home, friends or fortune, and flung a few cents a day to keep you from utter starvation. As I have already said, close confinement in a comfortable prison would be heaven compared to this. The poorhouse is far ahead of it in many ways. And, mark you, these are the very same people who worked so hard and gave so much to make others rich that now they are in this destitute condition themselves.

Easily enough I can hear you say it is a shame! A shame! it is more than that, it is a sin; it is more than that, it is a detestable sin; it is more than

that, it is a dooming sin. And while all this unutterable agony of the best people God ever made is going on, our rich people are casting around for suitable objects of charity and utility in which to invest their surplus. But why have they not heard of this? Has no one spoken to them of this? Have the retired broken-down pioneers been so quiet and reticent that the rich people have not heard that they are decaying today through poverty in worse prisons than Andersonville or Libby? There is no reason we should not have faith in our rich men and women; some of them are doing most nobly for humanity; many of them have the right kind of views concerning the proper use of money. Mr. Carnegie himself says, "The man should always be master. He should hold money in the position of a useful servant. A man should make money sufficient for his needs and those of his family, *all beyond this belongs in justice to the protecting power that has fostered him and enabled him to win pecuniary success.*" In the same book, "The Empire of Business," p. 117, he also says corporations have already discovered one of the valuable secrets of unusual success, namely, to share their profits with those who are *most instrumental in producing them.*

We have in the foregoing pages shown that the

foremost person in this Republic in producing profits has been and is the pioneer who prepares the men that make the profits. Why should he be left to perish?

Mr. Carnegie evidently not only believes in using surplusages for the benefit of the wealth producers who have been so unselfish that they did not keep enough for themselves, but he believes also in giving up the surplus before you have to, and so he says in his article on "Wealth and its Uses," "There is no grace and can be no blessing in giving what cannot be withheld. It is no gift because it is not cheerfully given, but only granted at the stern summons of death. Therefore I have often said, and I now repeat, and already we see its dawn in which the man who dies possessed of millions of available wealth, which was free and in his hands ready to be distributed, will die disgraced." And again he affirms, "The epitaph which every rich man should wish himself entitled to is that seen upon the monument to Pitt:" "He lived without ostentation, and he died poor."

Such is the man whom the future will honor, while he who dies possessed of millions dies "unwept, unhonored and unsung." In speaking of railroad employees he adds, "I know of nothing which lifts and

improves the service of great lines and adds so much to its safety as a staff which can rest in the knowledge that after they have grown old in the service, their old age is made comfortable through the system of pensioning. Before long no line will rank in first rank which has not this invaluable, I might say, almost necessary element in securing a staff of trustworthy, intelligent and loyal men filled with the *Esprit-de Corps* for the company they serve."

Mr. Carnegie adds: "The best of wealth is not what it does for the owner but what it enables him to do for others."—"Empire of Business," p. 292.

It is exceedingly refreshing to find one millionaire who has made many rich discoveries concerning the Gospel of wealth. Mr. Carnegie has some illustrious namesakes on the other side the water. James Carnegie, Earl of Southesk, author of "Adventure through Hudson Bay Company's Territory;" William Hartley Carnegie, author of "Through Conversion to Creed;" the Duchess Georgina Marie Carnegie, authoress of "The Sheltering Vine," and David W. Carnegie, author of "Five Years' Pioneering and Exploration in Western Australia." But of all the notable Carnegies we like our own Andrew the best. He is shrewd, manly, progressive and coherent. He is

so coherent and consistent that he backs up his words with his works, and that is the kind of man the world has not always had, but that is the kind of man the world always needs. He is one of the first exceedingly rich men that has really seen the great sight concerning the use and abuse of wealth. As a rule rich people don't want to see the divine Vision lest it might collide with their own. And so, alas, too often rich people to their own destruction and the hurt of the world hide away from the truth. But not so Mr. Carnegie. He has seen it in part and he follows what he sees, thank God for that. If he has not done anything for the preaching pioneers I feel quite sure the reason is he has not known their initial preparatory relation to his opulence. And if he ever come to know, which may the good God grant that he shall, I have not the slightest hesitation in believing he will act according to his knowledge.

For Mr. Carnegie comes of that sterling old Scotch stock who can die in the conflict, but cannot surrender the claims of conscience to any man or measure. One side of myself belongs to that stock and I half know how he feels.

And there are other rich men in the nation of splendid spirit. They are not all rich because they

are selfish. Some of them are doing nobly for humanity, even on its intellectual, moral and spiritual side. And the reason, perhaps, they do nothing for our Veterans is that they do not know their terrible yet glorious relation to both their wealth-getting and wealth-keeping. They may not have heard, they may not have studied the distress of this class of mighty men of valor I represent. My hoary-headed braves have been too self-respecting, too sensitively strung, touching the honor of the vitalizing work they have accomplished, to parade their penury or to portray their poverty. They have chosen rather to suffer in silence the pangs of hunger, cold and nakedness, lest they might bring up a poor report of the results of lives of self-sacrificing service. And shall such men and women as these suffer for mere temporary physical supplies after they have exhausted themselves in long and splendid lives, supplying the spiritual and intellectual wants of a mighty people, while these mighty people, by what they have done, are dowered with such ample fortunes as surpasses those of any others on the earth, and no relief be sent them? I cannot believe it! I believe that when the good men who own the billions of money know the opportunities to which these modest, quiet pioneers gave them the unheralded inception, they will not be slow to



come to the front with the comparatively few millions necessary to found a permanent Relief Fund for the health-broken, age-worn veteran pioneers all over the Republic.

Then the true balance will be struck and the genuine logical order of administration of wealth established. Sheer secularism will not alone be compensated. The object of wealth will not be diverted from a class who could not look after some of it for themselves to be used in needy and helpless old age because they were so busy looking after a higher good for the people. Then the higher self-sacrifice shall not be defrauded ; the grandest sort of courage ostracised, and compensation in infirm old age of heroes who have neglected their secular interests, that they might elevate, instruct and inspire mankind, be repudiated. The millionaire, at this crisis in which the whole country is coming to the seething point in this important and vital nation-saving enterprise, who will step out and make himself, by a bountiful proposition, the great centre around whom sentiment can materialize, will be God's own man of the hour. He will be the one man whom all men will honor in time, and the one man whom God will honor in eternity.

What a wonderful and glorious opening is this for the man who can take it ?

## CHAPTER VI.

Greatest Calamity—Tones of Alarming Thunder—God's Best and Last—The Veteran's Anguish—Not Charity but Obligation—Liquid Lips Kiss the Golden Shore—Resigned Dearest-Daughter—Salvation Storms—Armies of Newborn—Volume of Values—Inceptive Promoter—Not Done in Corners—Flavor of Nation's Soul—Silken Filaments Spun—Mysterious Rim—Dreadful Drama—Illustrious Son.

**T**HERE is an all-pervading presence, intelligently, lovingly and persistently working us toward perfection. This most beautiful goal is not only foretold in prophecy, foreshadowed in symbol, foretold in human aspiration, but also clearly demonstrated in the focusing and culminating tendencies of the great perfecting powers of our time.

Elimination of the pioneer from the mighty perfecting procession in any part of the world would be the greatest calamity that part could experience, and there is nothing we can conceive that would more effectively tend to produce such elimination than persistent neglect and impoverishment of the venerable veterans. The result would soon be that capable and aspiring young men would look forward

to a life with such an ending with aversion. They would come to feel that a career, however historic and honorable, that ends in poverty, neglect and distress, is not in accord with their ambitions. They will, naturally enough, think that a life so full of physical and financial embarrassments at its close does not justify them in adopting it. They will be unwilling to spend the best of their years in intense and thorough preparation for and practice of a profession that ends in a gulf of worldly gloom and exterior disaster, while all the other avenues of enterprise, success and honor lie open to them and proceed on a plane of pleasurable activity, and end in a flood of financial splendor and social glory.

The time has come when neither this Republic nor any other can afford a retrogression to mere secular grandeur. The voices of history cry in tones of alarming thunder, beware of the reefs of secularity upon which all nations of the earth have perished, and what is now needed in every land, and especially in our own, is a grand army of educated, ethical and spiritual giants who will stand up and out among the masses higher than the professors, stronger than the press, deeper than the philosophers, broader than the politicians, and infinitely mightier than the secularists, heralding humanity upward

and onward for the promotion of itself in the great race for perfection.

This Republic is God's best and last, and if we fail the world shall fail. Some of us may fail, but, all of us shall not fail. That unseen yet awful presence that has produced us for special purpose and pervades all little and large events, has ordained us to such success in His spiritual kingdom as never has been granted any other people. Only those of us shall fail who will not see the great sight and accept the glorious boon by doing our personal duty. In justice, therefore, to yourselves as educated, rich and well-positioned people, you cannot afford to fail. In justice to the country you love, the world you enjoy, the King you adore, and the heaven you finally hope to gain you cannot afford to fail. But you shall fail; you cannot but fail if the cries of distress rise into the ears of the "Lord of Sabaoth" from those who have cleared your moral wildernesses, ploughed your intellectual fields, planted your spiritual grounds, and given you such golden harvests, if you do not rush eagerly and promptly to relieve their unmerited and outrageous distresses. This appeal applies to every patriot and citizen of America in general, but especially to those who are so circumstanced that they

can relieve the veteran's anguish, and this without regard to whether you belong to this society or that, or no society whatever. The work of the preaching itinerant pioneer has been, is and shall be of universal service, and, therefore, his rescue from prostrating poverty should be accomplished without regard to sect, party, creed or color. By appointment of the highest human, and we believe Divine authority of the church, we are engaged in raising a quarter of a million of dollars for the purpose of founding a Permanent Fund for the deliverance of the retired pioneers, widows and orphans of the New England Conference for all time from starvation, and if you will follow me carefully through my statement to the end of this book you will be ready, I trust, to open correspondence with me upon this most vital duty. I do not say charity, I say duty, because the glorious pioneers should not be made subjects of charity, but of grateful and commanding obligation.

We are hoping and praying that this movement will develop into an undertaking for the raising of twenty-five million for the formation of a permanent fund of deliverance for the whole country, but we are under obligation to rescue the New England Conference first, and we humbly beseech you to help us to do so at once.

The observer of one hundred years ago descried the Methodist pioneer preachers lifting the people up from the most northerly oak of Maine to the most southerly pine of Florida, and from the sea cleaving scimitar of Cape Cod to the remotest frontier cabin, but now the observer sees them elevating the entire nation from where the Atlantic, twice a day, takes Boston in its arms to where the Pacific, with liquid lips, kisses the golden shore, under the ruddy glory of the setting sun. They have kept step with the frontiersman's march, the prospector's pace, and the mechanician's progress. Goers themselves, they have set others going wherever they have come. They have stirred and drafted to their side the leaders of the other churches of the land. These at first looked upon their boldness with aversion, wondering distrust and dignified disdain, but they gradually absorbed their spirit, adopted their doctrines, and practised their plans. Their presence was felt everywhere raising recruits for the moral war, and drilling troops for the great campaign. Their sound went forth into every cabin, hamlet, town and city, over every hill, through every valley, into every wilderness and solitary place to make them "rejoice and blossom as the rose."

Their power was present in the little schoolhouse, on the young city's site, at the factory's forge, and

ever sang and shimmered on the empire's advancing line to produce the conditions and the men that would bring forth the rich resources of the soil.

The farmer left his plough in the furrow to listen to the pioneer preachers' voice; the clerk left his page unwritten on the desk to hearken to his call; the fond mother gave up her darling boy to follow him into the forest; the thoughtful father resigned his dearest daughter to join him in his journeyings, and emerging men everywhere rushed to hear him as to a feast. These whom He saved in camp and holt became the forming factors that fashioned the nation into the grandest fabric now on earth. As these new made men strained to hearken to the long strong sermons that swept their souls like salvation storms; as they joined in those prevailing prayers that penetrated the heavens like lightning the clouds, and brought down showers of blessing; as they yielded to those direct, earnest, personal pleadings that brought them to conviction, conversion and consecration, and then went forth to tell the truth and triumph, they experienced, unconsciously to themselves, they were weaving into the bosom of this Republic the strands of devotion, industry, honesty and honor that have bound the States together in an indissoluble union.

Those armies of new-born souls that rose up in

groups over all the land charged with heaven's life and salvation's purpose; those serried bands that pledged themselves to private virtue, public brotherhood and progress; those were the men who moved like young giants through all the land; here prospecting for the mines; there searching for the fertile valleys; here ripping up the barren bosom of the virgin soil; there gathering in the goldening grain; here laying the foundations of great industries; there mapping out streets of modern towns and cities; here in solitude brooding over some great labor-saving invention; there in public working out that invention to the limits of utility; here devising and drafting the means by which rapid transit could carry us most quickly over all the country; there planning how we might fly to the ends of earth without the trouble of taking our bodies thither, so that the volant message of the mind can now far outfly swiftest swallow or fleetest eagle. This progress represents a vast number of elements, a higher appreciation of men by man, more conveniences, comforts, luxuries, demands and supplies.

The creation of utilities, expedients and instrumentalities for the common weal came in answer to the demand that human beings should have more privileges; that, indeed, everything in nature that



could be caught, tamed, trained and harnessed should be brought into subserviency to man's requirements. This broadened the demand and the demand increased the supply, and so the volume of business has enlarged many fold; the marvellous increase in the volume of business has brought a correspondingly great increase in the volume of valuables, and the increase in the volume of valuables has brought a corresponding increase in the volume of wealth, hence the thousands of millions in possession of the middle classes and the billions in control of the millionaires. But the basic buttress, *the inceptive promoter of the whole progression, was the pioneer.* He produced the men who produced the results; had there been no capable men their had been no rich results, but had there been no pioneers there had been no competent men, therefore there had been no grand results. But at the beginning and also all along the ever-expanding circle of this wealth-producing process, the pioneer preacher worked, watched, preached, prayed and sacrificed without thought of himself, glad to be able to lift people to such industrial and inventive character as enabled them to grow rich, while they (the preachers) at the same time, by the unselfish magnanimous efforts they delighted in putting forth for others, became poor. Of

course they have heavenly riches, but they do not enter upon anything but the spiritual preparation and title till after death. Meantime, they must live until they die, and they cannot die till their time comes unless they commit suicide or are starved out of physical existence, neither of which is legal or necessary.

These are no idle tales. These things were not done in corners; they are historic facts as well authenticated and woven into the history of our country as the deeds of Washington or Lincoln. But they are not superficial and shallow facts, they are the deep woof and weft hidden under the floss of the fabric; they are the under girders, the unobserved tie beams that form the celestial mainstays that have brought and hold the elements of the nation together with face to the future aiming at perfection.

The Republic *has* a body, but *is* a soul. What I mean by the Republic being a soul is that peculiar flavor of quality which distinguishes it from all other countries. This quality is bracing and progressional; it is ligamental and fundamental. We might be Brazillians without it, but we could not be "Americans," rising ourselves and lifting the whole world with us. This specific quality is heavenly; it was given

and is given by the pioneers. You instinctively say such people as these, that God has evidently intended to be the gavelock by which the divine dynamics operate, should not be left to perish when the time comes to retire from public life. It may not be wrong to throw the silk worm which produces the silken filaments spun out of its own life remorselessly into a boiling cauldron when the silk is to be detached. But you should not permit that to happen the pioneer preacher. He is your brother, blood of your blood, bone of your bone, and flesh of your flesh, and it is worse than barbaric cruelty for people of surplus means to let him sink into the boiling cauldron of squalorous poverty after he has supplied the conditions that have dowered us with more riches than are possessed by the nobility of lands much older than our own.

You say the spiritual pioneer is not working for this world and ought to have his reward in the next ; no doubt he will. But do you not want any? You are not destined to live longer in this world than he, perhaps, and you shall live just as long in the next. Are you satisfied to have all here for a few, brief, uncertain years, and have nothing through certain and eternal ages to which we are all so very near ; that we are within a short distance of the myste-

rious rim where we shall fall over out of temporal into everlasting existence. If the rich man had taken proper care of Lazarus, the last part of the sixteenth chapter of Luke's gospel might never have been written; please read it. It is the most dreadful drama ever put in type, but yet it fell from the only infallible tongue that ever spoke on earth. It is more than likely Lazarus was some sick, aged and worn-out pioneer preacher or prophet who had spent himself in producing such rich men as would only give him the crumbs that fell from their table. But there are many tables from which our pioneers do not even get the crumbs. One thing is fixed: Lazarus was a good, grand character, for he went straight into heaven to Abraham's bosom, and the rich man would have gone there too if he had had the kind of disposition that would have led him to take proper care of Lazarus.

How vast the difference between the spirit of Dives and Joseph. Joseph, who at the risk of sacrificing his premiership of the greatest kingdom then on earth in filial love-brought Jacob from the famine, stricken hills of Hebron to the luxurious glades of Goshen and there nourished him and his till the upper angels came and took him through the cave of Machpelah to the throne of glory.

THE TIME HAS COME TO NOURISH OUR SPIRITUAL  
FATHERS AS JOSEPH DID.

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The following fits the tune, Christus Victor.

Evening shades are shrouding  
Men of Holy war,  
Who gave all for Jesus  
On the field a-far.  
Heroes of Salvation  
Who laid low our foe,  
Passing into darkness,  
Whither all must go.

CHO. Now 'tis time to aid them  
Ere the close of day,  
God gives joy to all those  
Helping in this way.

For them the famine rages,  
In this world they're poor,  
That they may the better  
Teach us to endure.  
But like loving Joseph,  
We will nourish them  
Who have led us nearer  
New Jerusalem.

CHO. Now 'tis time to aid them  
Ere the close of day,  
God gives joy to all those  
Helping in this way.

Through interpretations  
God gave unto him,  
And the might of Pharaoh,  
Greatest Earthly King,

Joseph was exalted  
And with all his power  
Nourish'd aged Jacob  
Till his dying hour.

CHO. Now 'tis time to aid them  
Ere the close of day,  
God gives joy to all those  
Helping in this way.

There are many Josephs  
Present here to-day,  
Who supply the Fathers  
In the needed way.  
May all those who help them  
With our Josephs stand,  
On the Throne of Glory  
In the Glory Land.

CHO. Now 'tis time to aid them  
Ere the close of day,  
God gives joy to all those  
Helping in this way.



## CHAPTER VII.

Astounding Picture—The Sin of Seniority—Private Virtue and Public Duty—Shalt not Muzzle—A Moral Right—Bumble-Dom—By Products Infinitely Surpassing those of Standard Oil—No Babbling Booby so Bizarre—Message for Erring Feet—Everlasting Sunset—Gnomes, Ghouls, Ogres—Guiding Cherubim—Illustrious McKinley—Sirens on Wave Lapped Rocks—Bones Gnawed by Dogs of Time—Red Reefs of Passion—Helmsman of Republic.

**T**HE man who defrauds the pioneer defrauds God, and the man who defrauds God defrauds himself. The reason for this is that God makes the just cause of His representative His own as this Republic makes the just cause of its ambassador its own. It cannot be otherwise. It is a principle of equity that must in governmental affairs be maintained. This was why the most Holy One drew the following astounding picture of the judgment day :

“When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory:

“And before him shall be gathered all nations: and

he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth *his* sheep from the goats:

"And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left.

"Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.

"For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in:

"Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me.

"Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, and fed *thee*? or thirsty, and gave *thee* drink?

"When saw we thee a stranger, and took *thee* in? or naked, and clothed *thee*?

"Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee?

"And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done *it* unto one of **the least of these my brethern**, ye have done *it* unto me.

"Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels:



"For I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat:  
I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink:

"I was a stranger, and ye took me not in: naked,  
and ye clothed me not: sick, and in prison, and ye  
visited me not.

"Then shall they also answer him, saying, Lord,  
when saw we thee an hungered, or athirst, or a  
stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not  
minister unto thee?

"Then shall he answer them, saying, Verily I say  
unto you, **inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the  
least of these, ye did it not to me.**

"And these shall go away into everlasting punish-  
ment: but the righteous into life eternal."

"The least of these, my brethren," well represents  
the impoverished, ignored, exhausted, venerable but  
faithful heroes *whose only sin is seniority*; which  
in the best society is esteemed a "crown of glory,"  
for is it not divinely proclaimed? "The hoary head is  
a crown of glory when found in the way of right-  
eousness." Truly these veterans are in this way; they  
came down to helpless old age with empty but clean  
hands; they did not grab earthly riches, nor grub  
for worldly glory; they practised private virtue and  
public duty; they kept themselves so busy provid-  
ing for others that they had no time to provide for

themselves. This is the only reason they are famishingly poor. If they had devoted themselves with the same concentrated zeal to laying up for themselves, some of them, too, would have been multimillionaires.

They had the talent, they had the genius which, in most cases, means ability to take infinite pains to achieve success. They did take infinite pains, but it was for the sake of others and not themselves. This is why the great adjudicator in the awful Judgment Day will say, "Come" to those who deliver them and "Depart" to those who ignore them. But it may be said the pioneer does not preach for money and ought not to expect compensation in this life. His real mission is to promote the glory of God by advancing the welfare of men; this is altogether true. But you remember it is written, "Thou shalt not muzzle the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the Corn." The reason for this command was that if the ox was muzzled so that he could not eat there would soon be no ox, and the farmer would soon have neither ox nor out-trodden corn. The command was as good for the farmer as it was for the ox, and when I say "Thou shalt not starve the men who have enriched you," I am issuing an edict which, if executed, will be infinitely more in your

favor than in their favor. They have a *moral right* to such a supply of the incidental increments or "By products" that in their profession they have produced for the good of others as is needful for their sustentation in respectability and comfort, especially after they are weak with work, feeble with age, and worn out with duty.

To illustrate, Mr. John D. Rockefeller knows his chief business is to produce standard oil, but in doing so he not only blesses the world with an illuminating liquid but with "By products," like vaseline, gasoline, paraffine, naphtha, lubricating oils, etc. Is there a demagogue, a harlequin, an anarchist, a Fabian, socialist or Draconian in all bumble-dom so tyrannical and extortionate as to say that John D. should not have enough, at least, of one of his "By products," after all he has done, to take the cruel poignant edge off poverty and make him tolerably comfortable in his extreme old age? You should search long, even in this wicked world, before you could find even a loon or gowk so hard and harsh as to take that attitude toward Mr. Rockefeller.

The case of Mr. Rockefeller and of the pioneer is similar. Mr. Rockefeller produces physical light by oil; the spiritual pioneer produces spiritual light by grace. In the production of light by grace the

pioneer also creates many and great "By products." By products much more numerous and important than those of the Standard Oil Company. He produces the By products of progressive agriculture, learning, architecture, invention, machinery, engineering, manufactures, mining, millionaires, governmental grandeur, expansive national splendor. What are Mr. Rockefeller's vaseline, gasoline, paraffine, naphtha and lubricating oils compared with these standard and priceless possessions. And yet they are only the incidental increments or By products of the infinitely greater and grander achievements the preacher pioneer accomplishes, and if there is not a man in all the world so coarse and cruel as to refuse Mr. Rockefeller a necessary old age interest in at least one of his wealth producing By products, surely, there cannot be a man living who would be so sharply severe, so pitilessly austere, so arrogantly unjust as to say that after all the venerable pioneer has done, not only to improve and advance the world but actually to regenerate, redeem and lift the world by golden chains to the very Throne of God, that this man, this chief champion, this main benefactor of his race, this highest envoy of the Court of Heaven shall not have enough out of the "By product" billions worth of wealth he

has helped to bring forth, to procure a little coal to keep him warm, nor enough of food to keep him from being hungry, nor enough of raiment to make him respectable. There is probably no babbling booby so bizarre nor notorious criminal so cruel as to seriously say that such soul-lacinating treatment should be the punishment of the pioneer. And yet that is the punishment that the noblesse, the elite, the rich, the millionaires and multi-millionaires permit hourly and daily to come upon the very men and women who are so rich in productivity that the very incidental By productions of their services have made possible the elegant aristocrats, and much moneyed Friends of this Republic. Surely there must be something dreadfully wrong with conditions concerning which such words can truthfully be written.

And yet all this ill-treatment does not prevent, so far, the brave pioneers from going forward with their work.

The work they have done in the past is surpassed by that they do in the present. The entire Republic is now adorned with churches and garrisoned with preachers as never before. And if the money spent in police, soldiers, ships and sailors were spent on preparing and paying preachers we would

have heaven here for the people whom the preachers would regenerate, educate, elevate and inspire. But although neither the general nor local government gives anything for the putting or keeping pioneers in the field, nevertheless they occupy the field to such an extent that there is no man in our entire population but can be enriched by the pioneer's influence and message. *This unerring message for the erring feet of straying men is the richest, most salutary blessing.* The influence if not the voice of this faithful pathfinder is benefitting the people everywhere. It pervades the nursery of infant innocence and guides the tender years of the growing child.

It wards evil off from the critical and crucial years of adolescence and guides the holy feet of the blooming bride to the sacred altar.

It sweetens the heart of the weary mother and strengthens the spirit of the struggling father as they climb the hill of life together.

It sustains and cheers them as they begin to descend, hand in hand, from the summit to sleep together at the foot, amid the roseate splendors of the everlasting sunset which, on the other side, the bourne means the everlasting day.

It adds its blessing to the family left behind, and graces even death with morning glories and evening

graces, such as make the grave an inviting passage to the skies.

It enters, too, the busy life of the working world and shows the sublimity of toil and natural grandeur of lawful labor. It adds civility and courtesy to the street and makes the counters in the stores more modest, honest and inviting.

It enters the factory itself and guides the machinist at his moulds, the artisan at his delicate "cunning work," and the splendid master workman in shaping his incurvations, flexures and seemly fabrications.

It resounds throughout the church, the camp, the forum and the schools, bearing its renewing life to the languid hearts of men, women and children.

It is most powerful where most needed. Its unseen silent undulations sweep into the professors' chair, the college cloister, the university chamber, and there tones, tunes and times, the mighty men of research and thought for the discharge of duty to the rising absorbent youth who look to them for light on life's puzzling problems.

Its silent, unseen waves sweep into the town caucus, the municipal election, the civic council chamber and there moulds, the aldermanic decrees and mayoral messages for the peace and progress of the city.

It takes wider range and floating like an unknown and undetected presence with broad white wings spread from dip to dip of the horizon and body filling the dome between earth and sky, it sweeps over creation's verge, the gnomes, ghouls, ogres, bogies, imps, elves, wraiths, spooks and demons that rise from characters of candidates when beaten out by opponents in presence of the sun. And after all is over it is found, as a rule, that the right governor has gone to the capital, the best congressman to the House and the fittest senator to the Chamber. Nor statehood does it merely bless. It is everywhere felt though seldom seen when the contest comes for the presidency. Silently it mingles with the conscience of electoral millions and with such accurate precision guides the voters in their choice that the most efficient and sufficient men are sent to preside over national duties and destinies.

Thus the pioneer preachers continue the pervasive instructors, the commanding imperators and the guiding Cherubim of this most glorious Republic.

They are the real creators of public sentiment, the unknown authors of the public press, the patient patrollers of the people's welfare, the genuine pickets of the entire nation. Thus they stand at the helm of the ship of state. They steer that mighty ship



toward its world renewing missions. The illustrious McKinley himself was the glorious but unconscious echo of their voice, as they themselves are but the echo of the infinite voice behind them saying, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

They sensitively realize the permeating presence of the ever onward moving Immanence, divinely beautiful and divinely terrible, to which they are responsive and responsible. They are severely sensitive to the trendings of the times, as the needle of the compass to the aberrations caused by counter magnets of the pole.

They know the attractive and perturbing fascinations of physical pleasure; they hear the sirens singing on the wave-lapped rocks of ruin; they see the white billows foaming in the offing; they hear the thunderous roar of the hoary sea of destiny as it falls upon the far resounding beach of past eternity; they remember how its shore is strewn with the wrecks of nations and with the bleaching bones of men gnawed by the dogs of time. And then listening to the low murmur from the substratum of the Republic, composed as it is of the most inflammable and divergent units from all lands, they can easily conceive how the illustrious ship

of state could be wrecked upon the red reefs of uneducated passion, discord and division. But though the winds wail through the low vales of labor, and the typhoons sweep from the high mountains of Capital, and the waves gurgle and grumble from the ichor and liquor sodden masses, and attritions arise from collisions of races through divergence of view and diversity of training, yet all such menacings only make the pioneer pathfinding preacher take firmer hold of the guiding helm of knowledge and grander grip of the infallible chart of truth, and with keener gaze at the compass of Love steer the grand ship of the nation safely over the sea of sacrifice under the beams of the Star of Bethlehem, singing as the natal angels sang, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth and good will to men."

Under this helmsman the Republic has consolidated interiorly, expanded exteriorly, and promises to prosper still more abundantly if the virtuous self-surrendering pioneering preacher is not sacrificed upon the altar of stupid cupidity and stingy avarice.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Cannot do What is Needed—The Beautifier-in-Chief—Pickets that Patrol the Night—Almighty Monarch's Staff—Creation Focused to a Purpose—Supurb Relation of Co-Participants—Obedience is Liberty; Rebellion Bondage—World Temple of Glory—World's Last War—Immanuel's Mobilized Army—No St. Antonies—No Time for Trifles—Tasks Harder to Achieve—Continents to be Discovered—Must Face New Conditions—Leading the Leaders—There Will Never Come a Time—The Greatest Calamity—Pioneers of Truth and Pioneers of Property—First and Second Mile.

**T**HE pioneer leads to something new. This is a pioneer age. There never was such a pioneer generation, nevertheless future generations will surpass in pioneering the one in which we live; it is therefore of imperial importance to keep the best pioneers at the front; they are purveyors of the best things. We need not only the good and the better but also the best. God's preaching pioneer brings the best; he will be more needed in the future than in past or present.

He is the one indispensable personality, especially

in this Republic. This nation is built upon the people's will ; that will must be right if the nation is to be secure. *It is only safe to do what we want to do when what we want to do is right.* Therefore the people's will must be brought more and more into harmony with righteous action, but the will is reached through the heart, and the heart through the mind, and the mind through the ear, and the ear through preaching. Who can do the kind of preaching that must make and keep the wishes of the people true? Can politicians who seek their own secular preferment?

Or the press whose policy is drafted in the counting chamber?

Or the schools which teach mainly the physical sciences and mere elemental learning?

Or societies whose chief question is how to enjoy themselves socially?

Or fanatics who have but narrow and partialistic glimpses of truth?

Or philanthropists who look only at the visible side of things?

Or any other class unable to take in the all-including orb of truth? No! This highest function is reserved for the divine messengers God Himself raises up, inspires and commissions to go forth

and preach the preaching that "He bids them." It was this kind of preaching saved Nineveh; it is this sort will save us.

Schools are multiplying, societies flourishing, secret orders increasing, press ascending, immigrants arriving, new enterprises coming to the birth, riches abounding, and the tense strain of life is pressing.

Our Republic is the admiration and attraction of the world. Her influences visit every clime, sweep outward to every shore till she seems the destined chieftainess of the nations. As I say elsewhere, every nation has had a specific mission that points to the Christ. Each nation now has its peculiar function in the great moulding part of progress toward Him. That function usually has been preparative, but the mission of the American nation is more than that, it is to round out into perfection what others have prepared. It is emancipative, educative and evangelistic, but it is more, it is edificational and unific. It is to be not egotistic but altruistic. It is to end in the completion of the Christ Kingdom. The world is ready for this stage of development; America is getting ready to take this beautifying position as beautifier-in-chief to the universal race; other nations are to help but she is to lead.

Her time of discovery, history, place on the

planet, constituency, and her sacred vaticinators all point to this. In the great evolutive processes this highest of all achievements has been logically and lovingly placed upon her.

The other nations are emerging. They are coming out of their systems of fixity, customs of immobility and spirit of stagnation. They are already in the flux of transition, because they at length begin to see better things exist in the occident. For America the situation is sublime, the crisis commanding, the responsibility enormous. That responsibility cannot be borne by mere human power. Scientific societies, books, papers, schools are all important as adjuncts and appliances, and can be used to great advantage as accoutrements. But before all outfits and equipments there must be the *avant-Courier*, the heavenly Herald, the divine Harbinger who clears and leads the way. For what is an army without a motive, and what a motive without a master, and what a master without a goal and a God. So the Divine General is moving out on the field; the field is the world. The leading base of earthly supplies, America, and the only base of spiritual supplies, heaven. The couriers of the King are the spiritual pioneers.

These are the men who advance the skirmish

line, the pickets that patrol the night, the commanders that lead in the main charge, whether made by right, left or centre. Their business is to outflank the legions of man's enemies and drive them from the field.

This is the greatest war now going on in any part of the universe. The men who are in it are heroes of God, heroes immersed in life, steeped in truth and armoured with search lights that flame from the Omnipresent Throne. This is the divine order. It cannot be retrenched or overthrown; it is fixed as destiny. All things that stand in the way will be overturned and overturned till folly is defeated and wisdom reigns.

Recognition of these forces will lift into safe relations with the instrumentalities extending over the awakening and emerging human race.

Wrong relations to divine advance is fatal. God in advancing to secure human perfection is focusing the universe to accomplish it. He cannot brook conspiracy nor obstruction. No dynamite can be so destructive as rebellion; no eruption so overwhelming as stupid, stiffnecked persistence against the benevolent plan and purpose of the Almighty.

That purpose includes competent leadership in the field; that leadership cannot be capable if only

human. The leadership will always consist of the corps that is nearest the King. If it did not seem grotesque it might be said the preaching pioneers are the Almighty Monarch's staff, through whom He issues edicts to a slumbering world.

Let it be understood. No human custom can divert or modify God's grand intention. That intention is seen in the one increasing purpose that runs through all eras, changes, advents, nativities and demises, shaping all for that one long-planned result, the perfection of man.

That perfection is promoted by the glimmer of every star, the shining of every sun, the surging of every sea, the blooming of every land, the visitation of every angel, the invention of every genius, the rushing of every steamship, the flying of every engine, the message of every telegraph, the whisper of every telephone, the exploiting of every enterprise, the mining of every mineral, the sowing of every spring, the reaping of every autumn, as well as by the preaching of every preacher. *But the preacher is the pioneer that presents the Divine pattern.* Every throw of the human shuttle that counts must accord with the pattern. That pattern's outline is for the development of human beings who shall be worthy of the superb relation of co-participants of



the Infinite. He to enjoy them and theirs forever, they to adore Him and His forever. The whole human family is included in this beneficent plan. Color and clime, race and religion, make no difference. However much fashion or exclusiveness diverge from this they must come to it or be eliminated from the upward race. The incorrigible are swung off, the corrigible swing in. Thus, then, the program is immense. Power will be given to carry it out in accord with the original ideal. That ideal implies sway of God's plan through His ministers and prevalence of His power through His people. Ah! Tyranny! cries the anarchist. Treason! shouts the bedlamite. Gravitation may be tyranny, Constitution of United States treason, but only to those who want to live in a hodge-podge of riot, uproar and confusion.

It is best then that God's plan proceed, best for us, best for all. Our business is submission, His business support. Obedience is liberty, rebellion bondage. The central column on which this plan is promoted is composed of God's qualified pioneers.

They have been, are, and are to be more than ever centralities round which evolving people are to gather and cohere as they come into harmonic relation with their Creator.

Toward this relation the aroused peoples are looking. The awakened world is hastening to its redemption ; the gash and crash, and roar and butchery of the East is the beginning of the end. A great world war may ensue and then that end will come ; the end of wholesale slaughter and national massacre. Of that end every telephone speaks, every telegraph clicks, every locomotive roars, every steamship screams, whilst over these scientific precursors the wireless messenger sings, for these are the modern highways of the King, and as He comes along these space consuming pathways He is gradually changing the world into a temple of glory. It's floor the earth, its fountains the seas, its roof the sky, its lights the stars, its Lord the God. He is still treading the crested billows, saying, " Peace ! be still ! " and there is coming " a great calm."

A calm when round all earth, 'neath all sky, under all stars, " the glorious King has come " shall by all be sweetly sung. Then " the wolf " of war shall " dwell with the lamb " of peace, " and the leopard " of leasing " lie down with the kid " of love. " Then they shall not hurt nor destroy in all My holy mountain, for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters fill the bed of the sea."

And now that we stand on the eve of such a time there will be a rush of soldiers to the field.

Soldiers for the world's last war, soldiers from principle, soldiers for the solidarity of the race, soldiers contending for the elimination of the last unassimilable foes, and for the subsequent reign of universal peace.

Such is the program (according to apocalyptic prophecy) now at hand. But whilst this is going forward among the nations there is another force behind this, greater than this, diviner than this, and that is the inner mobilized army of Immanuel, the preaching pioneers. These are the inner army because they are nearest the great Invisible to hear His commands, to obey His behests, to carry His ultimatums to people who are ready to perish because of their sin, as well as to deliver His orders to the main bodies of His advancing armies. These are the soldiers who are tested to the utmost. They do not now become monachists like St. Anthony, nor entomb themselves in monasteries, nor wear the poisoned shirt of Nessus, nor pique themselves on prelacy, nor labor for ecclesiastical dignities, nor sigh for sinecure benefices, nor itch for scapularies, crosiers or birettas. No, they are soldiers yearning to bring the masses to their Master. The burden of the Lord is upon them, the spirit of the Lord is within them. They feel the thrill of the Divine advance.

They are not cursed with dreamy pessimism, but blest with cheering optimism ; they are not fighting the battles of the tragic past, but the battles of the illustrious present. They have no time for trifles. Every minute to them is a gem, every hour a jewel, every day a diamond, with which they engrave their Master's messages on the minds of men. These soldier pioneers are ever on the strain for some new truth or some new instrument to drive home some old one. All things seem to speak to them. The universe is full of voices. They are watching for the way the Divine Immanence is going as officers for the mandates of their general. They have paths yet more difficult to find, mountains more puzzling to climb, Augean tasks still harder to achieve, Herculean labors more vexing to undergo, Gordian knots to unravel, formidable crises to meet, complicated problems to solve, and mightiest giants to grapple and overthrow.

There are vast continents of truth lying beyond the seas of error that they must discover. There are millions of men struck with sin they must reclaim. They must fight their way down to them and then fight their way up with them. They must cut through thick incrustations to find the blinded sinner in his dungeon, and then cut through the dense

strata of his errors to lead him up to light and induct him into the glories of that light. This is not the work of fabian fudge, nor of stupid fakir, nor of conceited mountebank, nor of thespian contortionist, nor of posing harlequin, nor of selfish buffoon. But this is the greatest, the most overwhelming, delicate, difficult and most necessitous work God ever gave to men or angels.

The last fifty years of unparalleled education and of unequalled scientific development have greatly changed human conditions. The pioneer must face men and save men in these new conditions. He must have a hard level head through which flows a clear light from heaven and a strong, loving heart from which glows a steady flame from God, and a firm, practical fortitude and flinchless courage yoked to indomitable determination to do the work that now needs to be done.

He has to rise to such scholarship and sink to such sainthood as make him an hourly martyr, burning his life rapidly for the welfare of the lost.

He has to sweep the country clean of the bad feeling, base thinking, evil speaking and vile action that deface and disgrace the Republic.

He has to slay the gigantic wrongs of drunkenness, suicide, murder, theft, licentiousness and gen-

eral disregard of God that even yet curse the land. He will have to go ahead of the leaders of modern thought with the key of knowledge and open the gates of repentance and glory to roystering collegians, sterilized lawyers, impious physicians, aberrant artists, simpering scientists, conscienceless journalists, fallacious philosophers, sychophantic politicians and all other so-called leaders of humanity.

So you see you need men who shall go through the strata of the human fabric from top to bottom to pioneer it up and out of its various caverns to life and light. Thus you perceive as a true patriot and a real Christian you must have the clearest-minded, best-hearted and most able-bodied men, absolutely consecrated to the work of saving and serving humanity. The thing that at this juncture you, as a rich man or woman, need to know, is that such men will have no time to even think of making money. They shall have no strength left to "provide themselves bags that wax old." They shall have to spend all their time and energy, opportunity and circumstance in clearing a path to the truth and in leading in that path.

There will never come a time when it will be the mission or any part of the mission of the minister of God to "lay up treasures upon earth." The example

would be earthy, the influence would be sinful, and the whole proposition is treason to trust and a palpable voucher to the world that the pioneer preacher is unwilling to follow his Master "without the camp," and be like Him in sitting loose to terrestrial things that he may be the better isolated so that, surcharged with Divine dynamics, he may lift the people to celestial things. And while it would be the greatest calamity for the messenger of eternity to turn aside and devote any part of himself to the things of time to screen himself from poverty in old age, it is equally as calamitous and disgraceful for those for whom he performs his onerous and self-sacrificing task to allow him to suffer in advanced and helpless years the shocks, stings, scorns and whips of poverty when they can prevent it by supplying his simple and frugal necessities.

The pioneer preacher is to devote himself utterly to elevating and enriching the people. The people whom he has enriched either directly or indirectly are to see to it that he does not suffer the agonies and shame of poverty on account of sacrifices he has made for them. It is for him to give to them his spiritual things; it is for them to give to him their temporal things. This is the divine arrangement. This arrangement is fair and just and good,

and runs like an economic energy through all the variations of history. When pioneers of truth and pioneers of property have both performed this duty to each other, both have prospered powerfully. When either has turned from that duty both have suffered the sorrows of a sickening sin. God cannot bless permanently a preacher who is unfaithful to his people, and He cannot long bless a people who are faithless to their preacher. As we are seeing the preachers have been more than faithful, they have gone the second mile and so been exuberant in service. But most people have not gone even the "one mile" in duty to the preacher.

Sympathetic words are but vocalized air, unaccompanied by corresponding relief they become stifling wind. Therefore, oh ye people, go the first and second mile, and begin now. But in doing so commence with rescuing the worn out warrior so that God's blessing may rest upon the active Ministry.



## CHAPTER IX.

What the Pioneer Preacher of the Future Will Have to Be—What He Will Have to Do—How He Will Approach Old Age—Christian Otherism—Personal Abandon—Frappings of Less Account—Christian Centrality—Truculency not Tolerated—Conscience in the Ascent—"Be Thou Clean"—Other World Life—Should Not Tempt—Earthly Balm—Fight to a Finish—Æsthetic Taste—Gun That Kicks—Lucknows of Distress—Who Will Be a Havelock?

**T**HERE are those who say the preacher of the future will be better educated and therefore better able to take care of himself in infirm old age than the preacher of the present. That in scientific and in all other affairs he shall be better equipped there can be no doubt.

This, however, does not indicate that he will be better able materially to provide for himself. Indeed, the contrary will be true, for the better prepared a preacher is spiritually and intellectually for the great work of preaching, the less is he prepared for any other calling.

And there are several reasons along this line

which demonstrate that the future pioneer will be in much greater need of temporal provision secured for him by the laity than ever before.

I say pioneer, for we are not to suppose that because the great West has been opened up and explored that the preacher will be out of pioneer business.

In times, such as we are evidently entering, the sagacity, presence and leadership of the pioneer preacher will be more necessary than ever.

The leadership of the frontiersman and the plainsman and the mountaineer was a simple matter compared with the leadership of this new era of complexity. The commingling of various races and of vast masses in our populous centers; the fusion of creeds and conflicts of labor and capital; the assumptions of freethinkers and of self-constituted oracles, philosophers and demagogues.

The overwhelming potency of newspapers and of great combinations called trusts; the grasping greed and over-reaching grab of selfish sinners; the materialistic drift and socialistic currents; the Sabbath desecrating tendencies and refined but corrupting immoralities; the neglect of worship and the multiplication of clubs, lodges and societies, all of which, in the main unintentioned, tend to lead the

masses away from the real power and enjoyment of true Christianity unite to form new conditions of great subtilty and complexity, and so the preacher for the future will more than ever be called upon to be a genuine master of social as well as of salvational science. He will need to be master of the situation. He will have to pierce to such depths of learning, and rise to such heights of accomplishment, and soar to such breadths of acquirement as the ancient pioneers never dreamed of. He will have to equal them in rugged, sterling righteousness and surpass them in the keen ability to untangle skeins of knotty difficulties, to cut a clean, clear course through multiplied sophistries and portray the affecting and magnetic picture of the man of Galilee and the God of Calvary.

He will have to be a pioneer of eternal truth, amid the massive errors that are coming to the front in these times. He shall sometimes seem to be overwhelmed under and entombed by them. He will need the grit and girth and pluck to hold on to the Gospel banner and bear it aloft out of every storm and bewildering battle.

He shall have to be a mighty master holding in eager grasp all the truth, and nothing but the truth, and never allowing truth to be hid, but ever

bringing it to the front against all the thunderous tides of error until by progressive evolutions they are eliminated from the world and cease the destruction of men. In doing such work as this he will have no time, nor strength, nor ambition for himself. He will be an altar man. His entire time, body, mind, spirit, substance will have to be on the altar of sacrifice all through his career.

You can easily see that such a man as this will naturally come to old age, laden with infirmities of body and with poverty of circumstance, albeit he will be triumphant in soul and illustrious in destiny.

Then, too, the times indicate that the pioneer preacher of the future will be of the most altruistic class of men. In even recent times egoism if not egotism led greatly in the churches. It has been I! I!! I!!! the everlasting I in the church and out of it. A species of spiritual selfishness has obtained under the name of experience. So-called Christians have been in search of what they call "good times," and these "good times" have generally consisted in whatever catered to their personal titillation, comfort, self gratulation and glory. But in the progress of divine events which are advancing "pari passu" with human events, a new, and yet an old and better idea of Christianity is taking

front rank, and that is the idea not of having a good time for self, but of making a good time for some one else.

This is the Holy Otherism of the genuine Gospel. A selfish Gospel is an imposture and an impertinence; a genuine Gospel is after the other jeopardized man. And this is the kind of Gospel that is now coming into vogue from the holy hills of Galilee. In it alone lies the solvent for all the ills of human life. It alone can rectify the corruptions and allay the sufferings of human nature.

Consecration to such an absorbing work as this demands all a man is, has, or can be or have, and excludes the possibility, except in rare, incidental cases, of laying up worldly treasure for himself or his family.

Again such a pioneerism as the coming preacher will exercise will require more personal abandonment to the spiritual and mental realm than ever.

Science is showing the wonderful power of psychic force. Psychology is demonstrating the majesty of mind over matter; mind is the medium of soul, the function through which spirit works.

To mentality and spirituality the abandonment of the coming pioneer preacher must be absolute. Like his master he shall be less and less for this world

and more and more for the world just coming a little in the future.

He will be the pioneer of all the mighty doctrines of the Bible. The frappings of the Bible will be of less account, but the great vitalizing fundamentals will be of more account. Then he will bring them forth in platoons of power, marching in all conquering echelons over the bulwarks of the battalions of darkness.

The way will be often lost to groping multitudes, and he must be the pathfinder to the great fountains and mountains of Gospel power as truly as John C. Fremont was the pathfinder to the mountains and fountains of the west.

His work will be more Christian than that of most modern preachers of the past. It will be more Christo-Centric; it will be built more around Christ; it will be by hope, faith and love more closely related to Christ than ever it has been. He will not build around Paul, nor Cephas, nor Augustine, nor Athanasius, nor Chrysostom, nor Ambrose, nor Anselm, nor Luther, nor Calvin, nor Knox, nor Wesley. He will see no man save Jesus only. This will bring him up to the spirit and practice of the sermon on the Mount, to the experiences and visions of the grand apocalypse, to the life and labors of another

world man. A man who with one fell sweep of his own right arm of love will strike for the Master and make a cleavage in the crowd to come to Christ. A man who has no thought, feeling, time nor talent for anything but stretching out his strong hand of help and lifting men and women from the misery of sin to the mercy and might of salvation.

Such a man, you can see, will need a pension if he do not die at his post or immediately after his work is done. Many shall so die, but many will survive and pass the dead line into superannuation. Another reason why it is the immediate privilege and duty of the laity to provide a permanent fund lies in the fact that the spirit of the people themselves is becoming such that they will not tolerate a time-serving, truculent and money hoarding minister. The people in the church and out of it have a more sensitive and responsive conscience than in former times. The conscience culturing power is permeating all classes of men. It is not uncommon to meet an apparently secular man who, when tested, turns up a Spiritual conscience in business. This conscience is sometimes so good and true that it makes many a professing Christian blush because he knows his own scarcely keeps fine and delicate, dainty pace with it. This conscience culturing

power is abroad in our literature. Much of it is in the caucus, in the daily press, and in places where you would least expect to find it.

The Gospel has been leavening in unexplored sections, and discoveries of this kind are made frequently by close students of human nature.

The pioneer preacher of the future will gladly face such an advanced condition of things among even non-professors. He will delight to think that he is moving among men whose main motto is "Be thou clean," but at the same time he will easily see the danger as well as the dignity of the situation. He will see that the danger for this constantly increasing class of respectable men and women is that they will trust to their conscience and their superior ethics for salvation. With this he will have to cope more in the future than in the past, and so he will be called upon to evince a stronger, sweeter, more self-sacrificing other world life than ever before.

The laity are coming up. The preacher as pioneer must rise in proportion as they rise; he must keep in the band chariot of the King; he must be more benevolent, unselfish, magnanimous and charitable than the people if he is to be a capable leader, and he must be capable in manliness, in learning, in holiness, in heavenly mindedness, and glorious un-



selfish simplicity for the sake of those he is leading. But he cannot be such a leader as this and turn aside to sordid pelf and personal care.

Here is another reason why a competent, permanent fund should be raised at once.

Once more, the laity should not place temptation in the way of the man of God. They have no right to place him in a position where he will be tempted to say competent provision is not being made for me when I shall be worn out, nor for my family, should I die, and therefore I am in duty to myself and my dear ones bound to lay by for the day when "the grinders cease because they are few, and they that look out of the window be darkened." When once a pioneer is tempted to temporize he loses his grip of power and becomes as weak as other men, a divided man, an earthly-minded man, and his power of doing good is minimized in exact proportion as he gives himself to following up earthly supplies. The supplies must be kept full if the army is to fight at its best, but this is the work of the laity.

He ought not to do such traitorous deed of course as turn aside; he ought to follow Him who had "not where to lay his head," and take the consequences. But whilst he ought not to secularize himself, the laity, by neglect of him in old age, by stinginess toward

him when his work is done, and he sits a lonely sufferer on the beach of superannuation waiting for the tide to come and bear him across the bar to the greater sea, should not place such a terrible temptation in his way. He is only human ; he is liable to falter in his faith and give way in his courage. He needs all the help to ward his unworldly life he can receive, and the greatest, earthly balm that could come to his ardent mind in the heat of the long battle would be the assurance that when he has fought the fight to a finish and is carried off the field of victory, there awaits him the proof of the love and loyalty of those for whom he fought, in a pension sufficiently fair to keep him and his in a state of moderate comfort.

But again ; we should have such a fund now, because the sense of decency is growing more acute every day among the masses to whom our pioneer preachers minister. The people's æsthetic taste is being cultivated. They are buying for a more moderate sum handsome pictures for their homes, elegant clothing for their persons, and fair furniture for their houses. The respect of these emergent masses cannot be thrown aside as a small matter. How can we retain their respect. How can we hope for their regard if they see us so hard and heartless as to allow our very best warriors, the men who have

sacrificed most for us, droop and die, amid the spasms of a poverty that we, whom they have enriched, have the power to prevent? Let us not suppose these notes will not be taken. Let us not deceive ourselves by supposing that neglect of this kind is a gun that will not kick. It will kick and do more damage at the breech than at the muzzle; you will be at the breech unless you do your fair share. The time has more than come when our pioneers must be relieved.

They have been in the Lucknows of distress long enough. The batteries of poverty have been playing upon them till the old residency of respectability is giving way.

The women are hiding in the cellars; the gallant Laurences have been wounded; the hordes of mutineers hurl their wrath in salvos of shot and shell against the poverty beleaguered building. Who will now be a gallant Havelock to carve a course through the enemy to victory? Where is the Sir Colin Campbell who will lead his highlanders of millions of dollars to the rescue?

Come on men of money and of God. Come on. Your money is needed at this particular point just now more than at any other point in the world.

God will bless our country, our missions, our

schools and our churches, our industries, and entire work in proportion as at this transitional and necessitous crisis we take proper care of his best heroes and most beloved veterans.

Daniel was a man greatly beloved, but he was not beloved as are these men. These are the latter day favorites of heaven, and whosoever does the needed kindness unto them does it unto Christ, their Master, who will say at a time when it shall be most needed, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto them ye have done it unto me."





**Beacon Search-Lights  
on Pioneers and Middle Rich**



## Beacon Search-Lights on Pioneers and Middle Rich.

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### CHAPTER X.

The Middle Rich—Illustration from Shoes—Everything Originates in Soul—Pioneers and Patent Rights—The Love Life—How He Loves Them—Deal Gently with My Absalom—No Wild Creature—Counts His Battles O'er—He and She—A Self-Pampered Swell—Blood Besprinkled Ensigns—Fire Baptized Heroes.

**A**LL that has been said in preceding chapters in relation to the indebtedness of millionaires to pioneers applies with equal energy to "THE MIDDLE RICH." Friends in control of from twenty-five thousand dollars, all the way up to the million line, owe their fortunes to the work the pioneers have done equally with those above that line. The agricultural advancement, educational efficiency, mechanical dexterity, architectural ingenuity, inventional capacity, mining competence, manufacturing expertness, commercial finesse, governmental adroit-



ness, unific and expansive national splendor, that have furnished the favorable conditions by which millionaires and multi-millionaires could be produced, are the same forces that have brought forth the opportune circumstances by which our well-to-do citizens have been able to become quarter, half and three-quarter millionaires. This applies also equally to grades below and between. And so as the millionaires are under *moral obligation* to care for the Fathers who have furnished them the glorious conjuncture of affairs, by which they were able to make themselves, the same is true of you who are moderately rich, according to the proportion of your riches. This seems so fair and plain it needs no argument to make it plainer. For there is no industry that any of you have pursued by which you have laid up a competence but is clearly traceable to the developing influence of the preaching pioneers. Thus, the opportune developments that gave enablement to the millionaire in his much money-making sphere, gave also enablement to you in your more moderate money-making facilities.

For example, suppose you made your half million by manufacturing shoes. There were a number of auspicious footings required before you could

hope to make even a living at that business. You had to have leather, factory, modern machinery, and skilled workmen. And, above all, you had to have sale for your shoes. Here are five leading factors you had to have supplied, else you could not have made half a million cents at making shoes. You at once, in astonishment, say you surely do not mean to assert that the pioneer preacher furnished these five necessities. That is precisely what I do affirm, but you will note I do not say he furnished them directly, but, what I do say is, if he had not been here, they could not have been there. I have traveled with searching eyes through Japan and saw no shoes, except in the places the pioneer had come. I have gone through China and India (ancient and populous lands) and no shoes could I see, except in the few places the pioneers had penetrated. I have visited many of the islands of the oceans and other unpioneered places, everywhere with the same results. You see then there is some strange subtle relation between the presence of preaching pioneers and leather shoes. It is about leather shoes I am writing, for that is the kind by which you made your half million, is it not? Very well, there seems a singularly strong connection between the presence

of the preacher and leather shoes. Where he is present they are not absent ; where he is absent, they are not present. Why is this, for he is not a shoemaker? No, but he is a soul elevator, and implants the forces in the people that make the shoes worth making.

He creates the skill that makes the leather.

He produces the ambition that builds the factory.

He inspires the genius that makes the machinery.

He awakens the sleepers who raise themselves into skilled shoemakers, and above all he infuses the taste, mood and love of self-care, comfort, respectable bearing and grooming that lead people to wish to wear shoes, and in this combination of improvements, that the preaching of the pioneer inspires, lie not only the capacity to make shoes but also the demand for shoes, and in that capacity to make and in that demand for shoes lay your success in making and selling shoes, and from your success in making and selling shoes came forth your half million. Is it not fair and true to say this? There are not less than a thousand kinds of industries by which hundreds of thousands of our fellow citizens (we are happy to say) have become rich, and yet there is not one of them but bears the same connection to the pioneer preacher as that of the shoe

manufacturer. If you think you have one in mind that has not been inspired by Him other than the brewery and saloon business, or some kindred destructive graft, send it for analysis, for I believe it can be demonstrated that there is no legitimate, profitable and fortune-building industry in the Republic, now enriching the people, but the pioneer preacher has in some way, at some point, place, or time inspired and sent on its career of success. Whether the business be books, advertising, banking, bricks, chains, charts, chemists, dentists, dermatologists, dry goods, electrics, elevators, engines, fence wire, filters, fire proofs, furniture, galvanizations, gas, harness, heating, hoisting, hotels, hospitals, ice, ink, insurance, iron, jobbing, junking, kalsomining, kerosene, kodaks, lawyers, locks, lumber, machinery, manicures, masons, mattresses, medicines, milliners, mining, newspapers, notaries, novelties, nurses, oil, optics, pensions, photographers, physicians, pianos, pilots, plumbers, publishers, railroads, restaurants, roofers, rubber, saddlery, safe deposits, sanitation, school supplies, sewing machines, slots, soda fountains, steam, stenography, stocks, stoves, studios, talking machines, telegraphers, ticket agents, typewriting, departmental stores, ventilators, veterinarians, yachts and zonophones,

with an unnameable number of others, have taken their rise in the inspirations the preachers brought to the souls of men.

Everything originates in soul. The pioneer preacher creates the demand in the soul, the soul creates the demand in the mind, the mind creates the demand in the outer life. There is always something in an improved soul that seeks corresponding improvement in everything else. The pioneer preachers have wrought improvement in the millions of souls of the Republic, and these millions of souls have wrought improvements in the things they use. Hence our multiplicity of modern improvements.

And, notwithstanding, that every wide awake pioneer knows that he is the inspirational factor through whom these myriads of modern improvements have come as comforting incidents of his intensely self-sacrificing work, yet he makes no claim to any patent rights. He never puts an injunction on anything grand he produces, unless copyright on a book or something of that sort. He is delighted to have any good he originates go out over all the world free from inhibition or restriction. Freely he has received, freely he gives, and all his givings only make human beings to him the dearer.

He increasingly loves them, even though, like St. Paul, "the more he loves them the less he be beloved." This makes no difference to him. *He is leading the Love Life.* He even "loves his enemies, blesses them who curse him, does good to those who hate him and prays for them who spitefully use him and persecute him."

Anything outside of this Love Life he will not allow to come into his life. The whole people are the objects of his love. He prays for them by night ; he toils for them by day. He gives himself up a living sacrifice for them at every opportunity. His chief joy is in their welfare. If they are safe he is happy ; if they are in trouble, he is in sorrow ; when they do well his heart bounds with joy ; when they are growing in the graces his spirit sings with the melodies of the morning. Nothing is too good for them. No labors too abundant. No gifts too precious. No self-suffering too severe, if he can only see the people grow up in strength, beauty and righteousness.

They are the pride of his heart, the rapture of his soul, the ecstasy of his existence. Life with them is full of cheer ; life without them would be desolate indeed. He glories in his people as his choicest treasures. They never know how much he loves

them. They rarely ever realize how firmly the strong tendrils of his heart are wrapped around them and all their interests.

If they conspire against him without cause he remains the same faithful friend. If one of them raise the standard of rebellion in the camp and rally the insubordinates his cry is that of a King to his men going out to meet treason in the field, "Deal gently for my sake with the young man, even with Absalom." If the runners come in with tidings of the battle his first question is that of an anxious father, "Is the young man Abraham safe? If the answer is given that the traitor's blood is poured out with the slain, his heart-rendering wail is that of a stricken Sovereign, "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom, would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son." The historic setting, together with the theme, may justify the lines :

The Rebels were rushing from near and from far  
Against royal David in wild wasting war,  
Led on by his son who intrigued for the Throne,  
By shameful supplanting to make it his own.

The gallant old King to the wilderness sped  
And to his warriors most tenderly said,  
With heart full of love for the comely young rake,  
"Deal gently with Absalom" just "for my sake."

This Absalom long had practised deceit  
And plann'd with the people his wont was to meet,  
To filch from his Father the imperial Throne,  
By base usurpation to make it his own

The Kingdom of David was one of great pow'r,  
He extended its grandeur from hour to hour,  
He raised it to honor and made it sublime  
Among all the nations of on rolling time.

But counting as loss mighty deeds he had done,  
His royal heart yearned for his traitorous son,  
And when for the battle his troops were arrayed,  
"Deal gently with Absalom," the loving King prayed.

Illustrious soul in vain was thy prayer,  
Thy son, thy betrayer, the Lord would not spare,  
Vengeance pursued him mid wars wild melee.  
And hung him aloft in the boughs of a tree.

Swift arrows from Joab pierced through his vain heart.  
No man in all Israel dare take his part,  
As into the pit his dead body was flung,  
Forever detested, forever unsung.

Deep grief seiz'd the father beyond all control,  
The flood surging billows swept over his soul,  
To his chamber he totter'd, there wept and cried,  
"Would to God, oh my son, for thee I had died."

Like Son-loving David the true pioneers  
Have built up our nation 'mid battle and tears;



Have reared a Republic so blest with pure gold,  
It beams with the glories by prophets foretold.

And though cruel treason against them be hurl'd,  
They give loving kindness as cure for the world,  
And offer the pray'r though betrayal abound,  
"Deal gently with Absalom" wherever found.

Thus, though such parricidal treason come every day it cannot drive off the pioneer of Heaven from the sons of his love. He is ever ready to rush between his children and danger. No wild, innocent creature of the wilderness is ever so lavish of love for its young as he; no fond mother more intense in affection for her offspring. His tenderness yearns over his Spiritual children with an unutterable compassion. This compassion he carries with him from place to place. Changes cannot change it; new relations cannot chill it; time cannot diminish it. There like a shekinah shining by night and guiding by day, it moves when he moves and stays when he stays, the one sacred symbol of the Deity in his soul.

He loves because he cannot help it. It is a rivulet of the love-flood that impelled the Saviour, and now that he is aged and worn his love lives with undiminishable ardor. Now that he cannot do

the work of former years ; now that he is mustered out of the Holy war and cannot go with the army to the field, he naturally begins to "count his battles o'er." The onsets of the foe ; the triumphs he has enjoyed ; the defeats he has endured ; the children brought to the new birth by his life ; the successes those dear ones have gained ; the name, the fame, the riches they have acquired, all are sources of joy to him. And now in his greatest necessity ; now when coarse menu is least palatable ; now when medicines and delicacies are needed to nourish ; now that he and his mate (who has strengthened his heart and hands in every well-won war) are daily dying rapidly for want of the kindly care they have trebly earned ; now as the light of memory plays its part ; as he and she reflect upon what they did for others ; now as they go back over their long world converting career and think of this one and that one of these and of those they have helped who are so altered by their elevated circumstances that they have neither time nor taste for noticing the venerable and impoverished pair, as hand in hand they go down life's hill to sleep together in the valley. Ah ! it is then the sword pierces these two souls. Tears may trickle as she tries to hide her grief ; his heavy heart may heave with anguish as

he thinks of the ingratitude of man, but no resentment, no bitterness is there. The kindly couple are gentle and tender still. They do not berate those whom, by their impoverishment, they have enriched; they would take their part if a word were uttered against them; they do not repine even at their cruel treatment; they refer to it all as a part of the divine discipline; they know the grave cannot be far in the distance; they know that in that grave they shall lay down their sorrows and take up their joys; they feel that death well be deliverance, but all through these hunger pangs the spear of cold neglect runs like a sharp sword of sorrow.

There are many abundantly able to help but imagine because the veterans are quiet, there is nothing wrong; but it is these noiseless, acute sufferers that suffer most. Like still water their agony is deep and their overwhelming fear is lest the world know they are in distress. This is one of the reasons you, for whom they have lived and for whom they are ready to die, should aid in creating the *old-age permanent fund*. Instinctive delicacy makes them shrink from doles of personal charity, but an honorable old-age fund, equitably officered, would disperse the mortification that arises from delicacy of sentiment. Filial infidelity in relations of the flesh is repreh-

sible ; it is ever the sign of vulgarity and baseness. Those who forsake the parents who have borne them, nursed, clothed, fed and educated them are justly considered the worst of human kind. Nothing else they can do exempts them from the deep guilt of filial impiety.

One of these self-pampered swells sued ardently for the hand of a lady of my acquaintance. She took counsel and was advised to look up the record of the impassioned suitor. She found he was living in superb style, and that his venerable mother and father were living in obscurity, suffering the pangs of poverty in a shambling shack in the wilderness. It did not take her five minutes to cut that young gastronomic Lothario off, and afterwards she became the happy wife of a man who honored his father and mother, while the parent-dishonoring epicure died of gulosity in an asylum. This fate is only a sample of that of millions of unfilial gourmands. And if such be the end of those who dishonor their parents according to the flesh, "of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye shall he be counted worthy," who not only dishonors but starves even to untimely death the self-sacrificing fathers and mothers of their prosperity by refusing the sustenance he is abundantly able to supply? And in answering this question

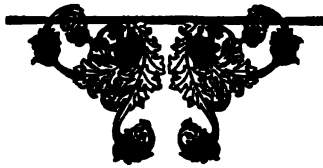
bear steadily in mind that Spiritual parenthood is infinitely more important than physical relations, and that, therefore, while it is exceedingly base to refuse to supply the wants of earthly parents that it is unspeakably more so to refuse to sustain heavenly parents when it is in our power to do so.

The old battle flags that waved over the states of the South though smeared with the bearer's blood and riddled with the shot and shell of the foe still kept waving till they floated over a united and happy nation are now honorably homed in the grand rotunda of our State House on Beacon Hill, Boston. All men see the fitness of this enshrinement of these blood besprinkled ensigns and say, Amen!

And if such be the fitting honor bestowed by the state upon inanimate symbols, surely it is not asking too much that the living heroes palpitating with feeling and vivic with sensibility, who have also been besmeared with the grime of conflict and baptized with the blood of battle, and torn with the artillery of hell in many a wild conflict, but yet have stood for the consolidation of the country, and fought for the freedom and prosperity of the people, and advanced valliantly against every onset of every foe, through forty, fifty, sixty, and in some cases seventy years of sternest campaigning till now as

the result of their unflinching bravery and fidelity this young Republic, rising from the wilds of the wilderness, stands at the front among the nations of the earth. Surely it is not asking too much that such nation-building, fortune-building men should have an old-age fund upon which they can draw for the few frugal necessities required as they pass on through honorable and unavoidable retirement to the grave.

The royal psalmist, nathless, all his riches, passionately said, "When I am old forsake me not." How much more may they who are left with nothing, pathetically make the same pitiful plea.



## CHAPTER XI.

General Conference—Sweet Euphrosyne—In Proportion to Disablement—Christ's Physical Supplies—Philosophy of Poverty—Mutuality a Resistless Law—Violation and Elimination—Beautiful Accord—I Wonder If You Know.

**W**HILE that cosmopolite assembly, known as "The General Conference," debouched down the steps of Hazard's Pavillion, Los Angeles, there came with it a strangely attractive trio peculiarly debonaire.

It was a dismembered father supported on one side by his son, on the other by his daughter. It was such an unusual and beautiful sight I stopped to admire it. The venerable parent was gleeful with joy. The children now past adolescence gay with delight.

He had lost a lower limb and used crutches. Repeating happy snatches of Holy hymns and sacred scriptures by turns he was the embodiment of good cheer.

He was an aged pioneer preacher treated with the

filial courtesy and care he had so fully won. The daughter and son conducted him to the waiting carriage, and when they had entered I said, by way of appreciation of the lovely scene, "it is delightful to see you so kind to your worthy father." "Oh, yes," was the apt response, "we love to honor him, and we are out to give him a good time, and he is having it." Such sweet euphrosyne made me feel as if I had drunk a draught of divine nepenthe and could weep tears of living joy.

This disabled and venerable preacher is the father of the splendid senator Dolliver, who bids fairly to yet be president of these United States, and his faithful children were unconsciously honoring themselves in caring thus for their aged parent.

It was the most charming drama I had seen between the Atlantic and the Pacific, and would adorn the sculptor's chisel, artist's brush or poet's verse.

And if it be so cheering to see children, according to the flesh, venerate and aid a parent, how much more entrancing to behold children according to the spirit, making respectful provision for those who have brought them forth from the darkness and bondage of sin into the luminous liberty of the children of God. Such filial kindness combines a fineness of feeling with a stateliness of affection that stands



uniquely sublime, like Tabor among the mountains or Carmel by the sea.

But you may say, ah ! yes, it was probably because Rev. Mr. Dolliver had lost a limb that his children were so solicitous for his welfare ; precisely so. If the venerable gentleman had had perfect control his children would probably have felt free to let him roam around and take care of himself, but it was because he could not take care of himself, they added their care-taking to his lack of care-taking power, and this made their and his happiness complete.

That is precisely what we claim for our fathers and mothers in Israel. We do not want care for those who can care for themselves. There are quite a large number of preacher's widows who are honorably providing for themselves ; there are also many superannuated preachers doing the same. They are able to do so and we seek no help for such. We want help for the men and women who, through severe service for you and yours, have lost their health and strength and youth.

The true child of nature comes nearer to the father, on account of his necessity and helps him in proportion as he is rendered helpless. So the real children of Grace come closer to the Spiritual fathers

and mothers and help them in proportion as they are disabled. And this is Christ-like. He came not to those "who were whole, but to those who were sick." Not to those who did not need him, but to them who did. He is coming to such still, and expects us to follow his example.

And no reader can fail to notice that Christ constantly provided for the *physical wants* of men. He fed the hungry and worked a miracle to do so; He cured all manner of physical diseases; He made care of the body conspicuous among His mighty words and works. It is not recorded that He ever cast off a case of physical distress, and the vast majority who came to Him were physical sufferers. If Christ were here today with worn-out, helpless preachers and suffering widows struggling to live on next to nothing would He pass them by? Would He tell them this is the place to suffer? heaven is the place to luxuriate. You have chosen to follow me now follow me through poverty and distress to the bitter end. You have no need of comfort, I cannot see why you need care!!

Conceive of Jesus, the merciful, saying such. He accepted the provisions of friends during His earthly life; He permitted women as well as men to provide for His material wants while He provided for their

physical and spiritual necessities ; He never made a merit of physical starvation ; there is always bread enough in His "father's house and to spare."

But He said "the poor ye have always with you." He established an example of pity and provision for the poor by providing for them Himself and by accepting the gifts of others to supply His own wants. He established this practice for a great scientific and spiritual purpose ; that purpose was that we might have something to practice upon ; that we might have some one to whom to give ; that we might, by giving, learn to become like our heavenly Father "who giveth us richly all things to enjoy," and by becoming like Him in active, loving kindness be fitted through practising mercy to occupy a place of ecstasy in the distributing centre of the universe. Aye, a place on that Throne whose glory is in giving to the whole creation. Mutuality of giving and receiving is a law that runs represslessly through all being.

It is the progressional norm of existence that cannot with impunity be ignored. Seas help the earth through the system of evaporation by sending their vapors into the sky there to frame clouds that carry their life-giving liquids over the world, and gently sprinkle them upon the billions of thirsting creatures.

The earth in turn sends back its waters by rills and rivers to sustain the mother seas. It is this beautiful process that keeps the world so lively and so lovely, and so is it with the ministry and the laity. The ministers of God from the ocean of infinity send out their refreshing rivers of spiritual life over a thirsty world. That world rejuvenated returns its blessing of support to the ministrants of its life, and that support should not be cut off nor unduly curtailed till those ministrants of mercy pass beyond the veil.

This mutuality of service everywhere is in evidence. The soil holds the tree by the roots so that it can bear its fruit, but the tree enriches the soil by its fallen foliage so that it can produce its grasses and flowers.

The farmer sends his produce to the city and the city sends the farmer the luxuries of life and implements of husbandry in return. Obedience to this heaven-imposed law of mutual circularity yields constant supplies of provision and prosperity. Such are the laws of commerce that if a city should presume to receive the fruits of the farmer without making a return in money or goods that city would be doomed to desolation.

This law of mutuality of service, like its relative,

the law of self-sacrifice, runs through all life. If beings want to live and prosper they comply with it. If they want to be swept out as unfit they have but to violate it and the law does the rest.

You will please apply this to the case in hand. It may not be syllabled in the law of Sinai, but it is implied in "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." It may not be specialized in any court, but it is involved in all. It is one of those laws of nature so universal that everywhere it is its own executive. No successful movement can be made toward exhilarant life without its observance. The day we begin to think we can take all and give none decay in us commences its fatal work.

This is nature's process, God's proclamation, reason's verdict and history's record. You are now prepared to apply this law to your relation, to the worn-out men that have helped to give you all you have. They have given and given till now they have no more to give.

The law of mutuality comes up and takes you by the hand and says, "pay what thou owest" to these men who are famishing for want of what you owe them. It is not a debt collectable by the con-

stable nor controllable by the court, but it is more than that, it is a debt collectable by me, and I demand it and must have it, and if you do not pay I will take you and make you my prisoner "till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing." It is, therefore, for your good as well as for the good of the victims. It will be a great blessing for them to receive compensation for their services now that they are laid aside, but it will be a greater blessing to you to pay what you owe and be free from the claims nature holds against you so that you can go forth exuberantly in sweet accord with nature, God and man.

After all I have said I wonder if you know these things so deeply as to act upon them.

I wonder if you know, rich friend,  
I wonder if you see  
How pioneers have won the end  
That so enricheth thee.

I wonder if you realize  
How poor they have become,  
To make the people skill'd and wise,  
Who swell your golden sum.

Great wealth to many folks is given  
To prove if they will sow,  
For realms in the upper heaven  
Or regions down below.

And truth it is indeed I tell,  
Though it may make us smart,  
The sure way to increase wealth well  
Is well with it to part.

If on God's heroes you bestow  
A fair share of your store,  
The love of God will to you flow,  
And furnish you with more.

Thus giving much you grow like Him  
Who gave to you His Best,  
To save you from the woes of sin,  
And take you to His Rest.

The suitors for your help may fight  
In number ten times ten,  
But none of them have half the right  
*Of God's own worn-out men.*

And if I hear you're giving well,  
And thus the good seed sow,  
The pioneers I'll fully tell,  
And they shall know you know.

## CHAPTER XII.

Colonial Pioneers—Their Colleges—Founded by Pioneer Preachers  
—Rev. John Harvard—Rev. James Blair, Rev. George Berkeley—Rev. William Tennent—Colleges Unable—Overwhelming Occupation—Haughty Insouciance—Europe Watching—Strange Cavalcade—Swords of the Spirit—Soldiers After Own Mettle—Hundreds of Millions—Audacious Love—Cavaliers of Christendom—Transcending Crisis—Transitional Verge—Personal Practice—Hint in a Hymn.

IT is likely as you have read the foregoing your mind has reverted to earlier scenes. You have been probably thinking that I overlook Colonial days when heroes as brave as those whose rights I represent laid the educational foundations of our Republic. I am glad you think of this, because a close inspection of those men and times yields supreme importance to what I write. To see this it is necessary to take up the educational thread when it first began to be spun from the wheel of our history.

Education, which has been next to inspiration as the ministrant of our national and personal success, was neither born nor bred in the brain of secular



self-loving colonists. This class of immigrants could be no more efficient in rearing a great nation here than were the gold hunting buccaneers of Spain. It is not the clime but the character that makes the man, and it is aggregations of brave men that make nations after their own likeness. In those early Colonial days were men stamped with the same image and minted after the same mould as our modern pioneers. They saw so clearly and felt so strongly that educated mind, and God-like disposition were productive of skilled workmanship, and that skilled workmanship, with pure character, were the powers that could construct a great Commonwealth, that they threw themselves into the battle and fought and prayed, and preached and organized, and gave munificently for the founding of colleges in the face of a calidity as cold as Nova Zembla, for there were doltish icebergs then as now.

The educational career of America began in these colleges and not in the common school. The culture commenced at the top and worked downward. The reason was that the men of those times were sage enough to see that if they were in future to have popular education they must have prepared teachers, and these the colleges could produce in higher grade than the common school. And so with this just

idea those first frontiersmen, who were for the most part English college-bred gentlemen, wrought against all kinds of discouragements to establish those infant fountains of learning.

But who were these men? They were in every successful instance pioneer preachers, backed by those they influenced. They were the Rev. Thomas Shephard, Rev. John Cotton, Rev. John Wilson, headed by the Rev. John Harvard, who, by fitting words and generous gifts of £1,700, and all his library, founded what is now Harvard University, which, under the presidency of Rev. Henry Dunster and others like him, advanced as the champion of learning.

It was a pioneer preacher, Rev. James Blair, who came to the rescue of William and Mary College in Virginia, which, after all that King William and Queen Mary had done, appeared to be almost useless. Their royal messages, their good wishes, their gifts were of little or no value till Rev. Mr. Blair aimed at the souls and consciences of the people, and by the inspiration of enlightened thought gave them a *disposition* to betake themselves to personal improvement through college culture. Through the persuasive power of such heart cultivators as Blair, Thomas Jefferson, the three Randolphs, Monroe, Judge Blair

and Chief Justice Marshall became graduates, and Washington received his commission as land surveyor from William and Mary. This demonstrates how the quiet, unseen but much felt influence of the pioneer preacher works in preparing the people for public usefulness and personal pre-eminence.

It was the Rev. Abraham Pierson who was first rector of Yale College, 1701, and in 1707, at his death, Rev. Samuel Andrews took up and carried on the dubitable battle he had begun, for it had as yet a meagre house to house existence. It was when trembling in the balance as to whether it should go on or disband that two other pioneer preachers came to the rescue and persuaded Elihu Yale to give a donation of five hundred pounds to establish it at New Haven. This would have been insufficient, but another pioneer preacher, Rev. George Berkeley, gave 96 acres of land and one thousand volumes for the library. This Berkeley afterward became dean of Derry and bishop of Cloyne, and was an Irish gentleman of generous heart and accomplished mind.

We must not forget either that in the wilderness of New Jersey another noted Irish pioneer preacher founded one of our most famous fountains of learning and influence; it was known as "Log College,"

now the far-famed Princeton. There in the virgin forest the Rev. William Tennent, an Irishman by birth, a clergyman by profession, a teacher by preference, a scholarly student and man of progressive and orderly spirit did more to organize and promote the education of New Jersey than all others combined. Thus we might go over the states of New York, Pennsylvania, and all the others of the original thirteen, and we would find a pioneer preacher standing in the shadows keeping guard, or else nobly in the light, founding and promoting those institutions that make large-hearted, manly men, "who know their rights, and knowing dare maintain." Thus for the history of early education of our country we must look to these early preaching pioneers. But after the colonies became states, after the old world began to know that a new Eldorado was opened here, the tides of immigration set in. Hitherto, the colleges had only reached the upper and well-to-do classes. Pauper schools were founded, but the poor would not patronize them. The class of immigrants that came by every vessel did not want education. Like the Spanish buccaneers, most of them came for material riches. Besides, in view of their experiences on the other side of the water, they looked with shy

suspicion on college-bred men. They had no desire for dignified aristocracy in any form ; they looked upon it as despotism. They had come in part to get away from its degrading influence ; they would have none of it. Their favorite note was "America for the people, and we are the people." Meanwhile, the waves of humanity became oceanic in their surge and swell. The occupation of territory had become tremendous. There were twenty-four colleges in the thirteen states, but a vast, ever-swelling population had crossed the mountains and two millions of square miles five times, the total area of the original thirteen states were rapidly being occupied.

The eastern colleges might work as they pleased ; they were utterly unable to reach the people spreading all over the heart of the country. Besides, from the educational view point they had many local difficulties to settle. The Pestalozzis, Agazzis and Froebels had not yet made themselves felt, and there were great searchings of heart among the educators of the East. Before there could be satisfactory educational success there had to be public and parental interest in the young, a disposition to study, conscientious teachers, and competent supervisors, decentralization from the favored few to the destitute many ; avoidance of farming-out school

funds to clamorous claimants, selfish sects and bigoted parties; suppression of favoritism in selecting teachers and nepotism in electing superintendents.

The haughty insouciance of the private schools and of exclusivism had to be overcome. The art of delivering rightly the knowledge possessed had to be acquired; the best curriculum had to be chosen; specialization had to be wisely administered, and optionalism safeguarded. And, above all, funds to carry on the colleges had to be collected, and this was the most irksome work of all. Under these embarrassing conditions the educational forces of the East were handicapped, and in some cases paralyzed. They sought to get education down to the masses, but they did not know how to get it there. They knew that upon the masses would rest the future of the country, and that they must be elevated to an intelligent ballot, or else deprived of the ballot; but they did not know how to educate them and they could not withhold the ballot and rear a safe and permanent Republic.

Congress might plan and senate legislate; compulsory laws might be spread like nets from the cliffs of the Rocky Mountains to Rhode Island, but there scattered over millions of square miles were the

ignorant masses who cared for none of these things. Their presence, if left uncultured, was a menace to the state. They could combine their millions, and under another "Scourge of God," like Attila, sweep the thin lines of patriots into the ocean. Something must be done to assimilate and save these ever-increasing masses from the fearful results of their own ignorance and folly. There were plenty of men who saw what ought to be done, but no mere statesman or sheer secularist knew how to do it.

Europe was watching with eager and expectant eye. Her worst vagrants and most pronounced malcontents were coming over by the hundred thousand, and she expected the much vaunted Commonwealth to fall to fragments under its 'own weight of incompetence and corruption.

*It was at this most important and decisive juncture that a strange cavalcade was seen coming up above the horizon.* At first it was only like a man's hand; it was not a college cavalcade; it was not an aristocratic nor carnal cavalcade, and yet it was a militant cavalcade. There were men in that ever-growing cavalry troop as cavalier, as brave, as persistent, as fearless, manly and noble as ever sat on saddle. Illustrious Ulysses in all his adventures by sea and

land did not equal them. Noble Æneas in all his exploits in nation building did not surpass them. They carried their ammunition in their hearts. They were mighty knights of the cross who fired upon the people with the ancient arquebuses of heaven, knights who had their saddle bags full of swords, but they were the swords of the spirit. They carried grim visaged war against brigandage, slaughter and sin. They proclaimed the might and mercy of the prince of peace; they heralded on every battle field the new mobilization, under the banners of love. They knew no such words as armistice or truce. Their slogan was doom to ignorance and death to treason.

Their clarion war whoop, give up your sins and come to your Saviour. Their tactics to group all volunteers together into a drill-room where the old soldiers taught the new recruits. The havoc they made in the hosts of ignorance was enormous. From sunrise to sunset, and far into the night, they were on the war-path. They cared little or nothing for ceremonial pretensions or perquisites or salaries; saved souls were their reward. Up from the fields they conquered sprang soldiers after their own mettle. These heavenly patricians spread over every part of the land, and kept moving always forward amid the forays of the advancing pickets till the whole



nation bristles with the splendor of their achievements. That splendor chiefly lies in the new disposition, the new ambition, the new aspiration they conveyed to the masses. That new disposition is in the direction of new education; that new education is in the direction of good citizenship, and that good citizenship is on the outlook for the best there is in this universe for the United States and the whole world of humanity.

Thus, millions upon millions, reaching probably into hundreds of millions during the past century through its several generations, have been transformed out of selfish ignorance and dangerously explosive adventurers into peaceful, studious, progressive people, who, by their combined labors, have made America bright, glorious and free, hope of the earth and joy of the sea. And this bravery of these preaching pioneers must not be allowed to decline. The powerful forces that made us must keep us. The moral intrepidity, the spiritual gallantry, the hardy and honest virtue, *the audacious love that dares to live and die for mankind must continue*. The splendid firmness that knows no poltroonery, no effeminacy, no spiritless pessimism, no cowardly fawning. The high heavenborn heroes who will march up to the cannon's mouth with faces like lions

and with hearts like seraphs, are the men that have been and are still in the field and they must be kept there.

Between thirty and forty thousand of them lead six millions of troopers, beside twice or thrice as many camp followers today, forward in the holy fray. They are not all perfect, but they know what perfection means, and they are struggling after it. They are not all efficient, but enough of them are so, by the help of God, to keep this country with face to the front in every good word and work.

They are not conceited sufficiently to suppose that they are the only people who have wrought righteousness in the Republic. But they are shrewd enough to see that their forces in the field gave the masses a bent in that direction. They are not so foolish as to claim to be special favorites of Heaven, but they are wise enough to know that Heaven has marvellously favored the nation through their instrumentality. Therefore, they are prepared to walk humbly, work earnestly and fight manfully, that God may be graciously pleased to use them as in the past and "much more abundantly." The greatest work remains before them.

The settlement of disputes between nations and men by arbitration.

The confederation of races in the bonds of peace.

The selling of arms and armories and devoting the proceeds to regeneration instead of degeneration of the multitudes.

The avoidance of needless battles and the utilization of the proceeds for the rescue of the degraded.

The turning of all wasted capital into a vast Bureau for the improvement of the conditions in which people live.

The abolition of the manufacture and popular sale of intoxicants and the devotement of the annual billions now used in destroying people for the purpose of developing them. The popularization of virtue so that every man and woman will be ashamed to lead a life of leasing.

The dissolution and dispersion of sin so that lying and swearing and cheating shall be remanded to the outgrown outrages of the past, and the prophecy, "they shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain," be realized.

The establishment of such an intelligent "Loveocracy" as shall bring universal brotherhood of man and comprehensive fatherhood of God. This is the prospectus before the preaching pioneer. Thus the pioneering of the past is but the prepara-

tion for the far greater and more glorious pioneering and preaching of the future. Many nations already have determined to settle differences by reason instead of the sword. We are on the verge of the greatest transforming work yet known. The night has been long and the waiting weary, but like the apple-tree, which puts on her bridal bloom in an hour, although years in preparing, so the world well timed, after being so long delayed, is about to flush out in beauteous betrothment to her nuptial Lord, and the wedlock of earth and heaven shall be sealed with the espousals of the Father, never again to suffer divorcement.

Thus the glorious work of the pioneers of the very near future is to far exceed in results all that has gone before. Meantime we are all enjoying the rich effects of the self-sacrificing labors of these brave veterans. The peace and prosperity of the country are ours. The brighter prospects of the future belong to us and ours, and these are reasons among many of a much farther reaching character we should now put into personal practise the following grateful and generous sentiment which is singable to the tune Rockingham, and practicable to the tune Money, and the practise will do more good at this time than the singing :

I thank Thee for the Fathers, Lord,  
I bless Thee for their fruitful word,  
I praise Thee for the good they've done,  
In gracious Spirit of Thy Son.

I laud Thee for the souls of earth  
That they have brought to second birth,  
For others also edified,  
And drawn more closely to thy side.

I praise Thee for the mighty power,  
Thou gavest them from hour to hour,  
Inspiring them to fill my heart  
With wealth from which I would not part.

Then help me, Lord, for them to care  
With substance, honor, love and prayer,  
Since they are stinted, worn and sad,  
Oh, give me grace to make them glad.

Help me this day to sacrifice  
Some off'ring which I dearly prize,  
As token of the love I bear  
The men who brought me 'neath thy care.

And thus my Master's will fulfill,  
Who leaves His dear ones with me still,  
To prove my faith, to test my love  
And fit me for my home above.

So take the off'ring full and free  
Almighty King I make to Thee,  
For life that sweetens, love that cheers,  
Brought to me through Thy Pioneers.

### CHAPTER XIII.

Worst of All—Shakespeare Testifies—Madon Says—Froude gives Evidence—Swift Speaks—Nations and Ages Confirm—Hebrews Ratify—The Guilty Man—Wellington's War Horse—The Crime Unintentional—Seneca Delares—Cicero Endorses Seneca—Homer with Ulysses at the front—Dawn for Laertes—Sharp Sting Withdrawn—Heaven Shudders—Strange Streak—Rembrandt, Reubens, Raphael Called into Court—All say Same—Cause deeply Embedded—Effect Shows Cause—"Hard Man."

**U**NDER the light of the fact that the universe is built around parenthood, and under the lustre of that other truth that the pioneer preachers are the parents of our prosperity, it is impossible to refuse them relief without becoming the *victims of filial ingratitude*. And *filial ingratitude is the worst sin of all*. It is the mother of all sin. It was born in rebellion, nourished in blood and bears the stamp of the demon.

Say I these things alone or say not thinkers the same?

Shakespeare cries out, in King Lear:  
"How sharper than a serpent's tooth  
It is to have an *ungrateful child*  
Away! Away! prepare my horses.  
*Ingratitude, thou marble hearted fiend,*  
More hideous when thou *showest thyself in a child*  
Than sea monster."  
"All the stored vengeance fall upon her ungrateful  
pate."

In his "Twelfth Night" he exclaims:  
*"I hate ingratitude more in man*  
Than lying vainness, babbling drunkenness  
*Or any other taint."*

In his "Julius Cæsar" he makes Antony vent his view  
against Brutus, the ungrateful assassin of his best  
friend:

"For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's Angel.  
Judge, oh ye gods, how much he loved him.  
This was the most unkindest cut of all.  
For when the noble Cæsar saw *him stab*  
*Ingratitude more strong than traitors' arms*  
*Quite vanquished Him*; then burst his mighty heart;  
And in his mantle muffling up his face  
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,  
Which all the time ran blood, great Cæsar fell.  
O what a fall was there, my countrymen,  
When I and you and all of us fell down,

While bloody treason (child of ingratitude), flourished  
over us."

In his "As You Like It,"  
"Blow! blow! thou winter wind,  
Thou art not so unkind  
As *man's ingratitude*;  
Thy tooth is not so keen  
Because thou art not seen,  
Although thy breath is rude."

In his "Coriolanus,"  
"*Ingratitude is monstrous,*  
And for the *multitude to be ungrateful* were to make a  
*monster of the multitude.*"  
"*Filial ingratitude,*  
*Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand*  
*For lifting food to it?"*

Madon says:  
"He that has nature in him must *be grateful*.  
'Tis the Creator's *primary law* that links the chain  
of beings to each other, joining the greater to the  
lesser nature, tying the weak, the poor and power-  
ful, subduing men to brutes and even brutes to men."

Froude was wont to say:  
"The wretch whom *gratitude* once fails to bind  
*To truth or honor let him lay no claim,*



But stand confessed, the brute disguised in man,  
And when we *would with utmost detestation single*  
*some monster from the traitor head.*  
'Tis but to say ingratitude's his crime."

And that keen thinker Dean Swift adds:  
"He *that calls a man ungrateful*  
*Sums up all the evil that a man*  
*Can be guilty of.*"

And do these stand alone in this denunciation against ingratitude? No, they are sustained by the records of nations and ages.

The Hieroglyphics of Egypt, the Kojiki of Japan, the Books of Confucius, the Vedas of India, the laws of the Buddhists, the Sagas of the Scalds, have through them running a black strand charged with curses consigning to darkest doom *filial ingratitude*. Even Babylonian inscriptions proclaim: "If a son say to the Father who brought him up thou art not my father, one shall cut out his tongue," and again, "if the son of a palace favorite has hated the father who brought him up and the mother who brought him up, one shall tear out his eyes."

The Hebrew Scriptures show the youth who evinced ingratitude by stubbornness and disobedience was even more severely treated by divine command.

The Lord directed Moses to say to Israel, Deut. XXI. 18-21:

"If a man have a stubborn and rebellious son who will not obey the voice of his father or the voice of his mother and that when they have chastened him will not hearken unto them, then shall his father and his mother lay hold of him and bring him out unto the Elders of the city, and unto the gate of his place. And they shall say unto the Elders of his city, this our son is stubborn and rebellious; he will not obey our voice; he is a glutton and a drunkard. *And all the men of the city shall stone him with stones that he die, so shalt thou put away evil from among you, and all Israel shall hear and fear.*"

Thus *filial ingratitude was punished* with the last and largest penalty and that by the command of the Creator Himself.

Herein is seen the enormity, the atrocity, the flagrancy of this most heinous crime. No miscreant, no Caitiff, no Nana Sahib, no Demon in human shape, could commit more dooming crime than ingratitude. It is the sum of all vices and villanies.

This is why all good men of all times have their voices focused in the cry of Young:

*He that's ungrateful has no faults but one  
All other crimes, may pass for virtues in him.*

Is not that Spiritual Son who has been awakened, instructed, elevated, inspired and enriched by the preacher, guilty of this *crime of crimes*, this essence of outrageous guilt when he refuses to come to his relief in distress, and so shuts him up during old age in the duress of a dreadful bondage?

“Deserted at his utmost need  
By those his former bounty fed,  
On the bare earth exposed he lies,  
Without a friend to close his eyes.”

Wellington would not be guilty of such conduct toward even the old war horse that carried him at Waterloo. He brought him to England and let him loose in the best pastures till he died of age.

But there are thousands of brave Spiritual Fathers who have fought in far nobler battles than Wellington's steed on the Belgian plain, who are not living in the comfortable pastures provided by those they bore to victory. They have been, as we are seeing, the genuine Fathers of the peoples' prosperity and prospects, but because they seem of no more service to the people who now neglect them, they are forgotten, forsaken and left to die in the deepest physical poverty, and circumstantial degradation. And this, too, by the American people; aye, by

the class of Americans who are called the best in the country, and that means in the world. Can this be so? Yes, this is so; but I believe it is not intentionally so. It is a department of duty that, in the rush of other affairs, has been overlooked, but now that attention is called to it will be remedied, and that right royally. As Hosea Ballou said: "*Gratitude is the fairest blossom* which springs from the soul, and the heart of man knoweth none more fragrant." Americans believe this, and they will rush to the rescue of the perishing pioneers as they have to the succor of cities swept by flames, or nations devoured by famine, for I do not believe, as a rule, our people are corrupted by "the unwilling gratitude of base mankind." And I know they will say with Seneca: "He that *preaches gratitude pleads the cause both of God and man; for without it we can be neither serviceable nor religious,*" and with Cicero, "gratitude is the mother of all virtues."

The teachings of the New Testament are so familiar that I need not reiterate them. "Children obey your parents in the Lord," is the burden of all. If you cast your eyes over the earth you will find this echoed and re-echoed from history's dawn till the present hour.

If you turn over some of the leaves of classic

story you shall see the same sentiment shining in lustre amid the dust of remote poetic ages.

Homer, the prince of poets, presents Ulysses in the "Odyssey" in his father's orchard; that father is the first he visits after he delivered Penelope and slew her clamorous suitors; the first for whom he prepared the feast; the first to whom he paid his honor and his filial love. And as the venerable sire expressed fear for the welfare of the State, on account of disorders twenty years had wrought, the admiring son sang to soothe him :

" Let these things be as the gods shall please,  
Let there be rest, set thy soul at ease.  
Haste to the cottage by this orchard's side  
And take the banquet which our cares provide ;  
There wait thy faithful band of rural friends,  
And there the young Telemachus attends.  
Then all beneath their father take their place,  
Rank'd by their ages, and the banquet grace."

And the reviving influence of son upon father was such that the poet thus portrays it :

" Pallas attending gives his frame to shine  
With awful port and majesty divine,  
His son admires the god-like grace,  
And the celestial dawning o'er his face ;

What god, he cried, my father's form improves,  
How high he treads and how enlarged he moves."

And what wonderfully improving and enlarging influence would similar care bring the age-worn fathers of our modern Israel? The "God-like grace," the celestial dawning that came over the aged Laertes, would come over these venerated authors of our welfare; they would feel they had not lived in vain; they would know they were not forgotten; they would realize that their spiritual and financial children appreciate what they have done. The sharp sword in the gaping wound of ingratitude would be withdrawn. They would yet tread high in the service of God and man. Improved, enlarged, inspired, they would be ornaments to the country, a tribute to the kindness of the people, a proof of patriotic appreciation and filial love and care that would impress favorably the Republic and all nations of the earth.

"For sweet is the breath of vernal shower,  
Sweet music's melting fall,  
The bees collected treasure sweet  
But sweeter yet  
*The still small voice of gratitude.*"

It would more than anything else bring and keep

upon the person practising it the boundless blessings of the Parent-in-Chief Himself.

Therefore, reader, let the lines of the Poet Pope henceforth form your motto :

“ Me let the tender office long engage  
To rock the cradle of reposing age,  
With lenient arts extend a mother’s breath,  
Make languor smile and smoothe the bed of death.  
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,  
And keep awhile our fathers from the sky.”

The Republic is impoverished by the premature loss of its wisest, most learned, most loving old men. Let us keep them here as long as they can stay, How Heaven shudders when we starve a saint away.

While you reflect upon the surpassingly and surprisingly great good the pioneer preachers have brought you, you need to be on guard against that strange streak in human nature that makes mankind appear worse than the one-eyed, man-eating Cyclop Polyphemus, and that strange streak is so striking that it shakes faith in the sanity of man. Indeed, it seems to prove the density of his depravity. You may never have noticed it, but it is here, and it is this : *In proportion to the greatness of the gift is the littleness of the gratitude.* The

masses seem to be pleased to repay trifling obligations, quite a number are grateful for moderate services. But only a few choice spirits are truly grateful for the weightiest obligations. The pioneers have placed us under the weightiest obligations and there is danger of us neglecting them from the mountainous magnitude of the debt we owe them.

Not only have the best poets portrayed the glory of filial gratitude by the pen, but the illustrious artists have glorified it with the brush and the chisel.

Rembrandt, or as some suppose Reubens, painted that far-famed picture of Cimon and Pera, in which the faithful daughter appears nourishing the famishing father from her own bosom. Tintoretto has immortalized the fidelity of Queen Esther to the Fathers of her people. Domenichino and Raphael have delineated the sweet fidelity of St. Cecilia to the Father Spirits, the affection of the daughter of Ædipus, so faithful to her blind exiled parent, the daring of Judith, who risked her life to rescue the Fathers of her people, with a nameless multitude of others, have been the subjects of the artists' studious skill. While the greatest of them



all have vied with one another in endless attempts to represent on canvas, bronze and marble, the boundless fidelity of Jesus to His mother on earth, and to His Father in Heaven. There must be some *most mighty Fountain Head* to produce such numerous lovely streams. The desire to propagate by laborious portrayal a principle like this could not be so universal among the clearest-minded and best-hearted of mankind without a competent cause behind it. That cause is embedded deeply in the very structure of Creation. Fidelity to parenthood is an immortal principle that has its foundations firmly planted on the ground floor of the Universe. Its ascending column, with endless outbranchings, runs up through all strata of existence. Its immortal climax culminates in the Omnipotent, All-Loving Father. With this transcending fact in sight it is easy to see that he who repudiates obligation to fatherhood and motherhood repudiates the working plan of Creation, and must be turned under like a weed before the ploughshare of progressive events. It is easy to make sweeping assertions like this. But no cultivated mind is influenced by startling affirmations sufficiently to construct a course of conduct upon them. In fact, best thinkers are most careful about axiomatic

statements concerning fundamentals. Let us, therefore, look at the above carefully, for if it is true, it is tremendously true; if false, transcendently false. The common sense way to judge of whether a principle is true or false is by the effects it produces. Like everything else its nature can be known by its products. In scanning the works of filial fidelity in the world, we discover it brings into beautiful harmony the various powers of the persons who practise it. It combines the energies of their bodies, minds and souls in an equitable and healthy unity. It enables the individual through life to gravitate toward that ultimate perfection for which he is intended. The healthy influence it works upon the individual it exerts upon the family. Like the vegetative tie between the twin trees in "The Yellowstone" it binds parents together in urbanity and love, and casts a halo of sweetness and light upon each member of the home. It excludes selfishness, injustice, impoliteness, playful but unpleasant pranks, unseemly pride, farce, folly, foible, envy, jealousy and anger, which scatter so many families over land and sea. It spreads into the community and girds society with strength in the bonds of fraternal kindness. It exceeds, by far, mere popular politeness, and displays the deep,

sound feelings of brotherly love. It tones the populace to the tune of harmony, to the purpose of honesty, to ideal reliability. The character born of filial fidelity spreads out from the community into the State, through the State to the nation, and through the nation to the world, and always with the same results, when given hospitable welcome. No man is bad who has filial faithfulness, for it includes all other virtues; no man is good who has filial unfaithfulness, for it includes all other vices. The galaxy of noble beings floats in filial fidelity as stars swim in the sky.

Unkindness may say let the pioneer preachers take their own medicine. They have been prescribing love and self-sacrifice, the uses of suffering and the ministry of pain. Now let them take their own prescriptions. He must be a "hard man" who can ease his conscience thus. No intelligent preacher ever said we should make it unnecessarily severe for each other. No fair preacher ever preached that we should defraud the most self-sacrificing men on earth for the sake of afflicting them still further. And no square man (much less Christian) ever said it was right for him to make such an excuse for the purpose of evading a debt justly due.

And no specious subterfuge, nor sophistical screen like this can hide a man from the plain duty that lies before him. It is true, of course, that the pioneer preacher has often shown the uses of suffering, the philosophy of pain, and the ministry of tribulation. But the purpose has always been to encourage sufferers passing through dangerous trials to persevere in the good way and not be swallowed up with too much sorrow, and to secure the most good possible out of the testings as they come and go.

But that is exceedingly divergent from proposing to project needless sufferings upon heroic souls who have passed through furnaces of affliction for us that have well nigh carried them to the grave already. Thus, then, we will leave that proposition as a species of refined fiendishness which is abhorrent to any well balanced mind, and can only be palatable to some parsimonious churl who wants to shirk performance of obligations, or some extortionate Shylock to whom relief of his best friend, appears like Frankenstein's monster flying through a nightmare thick with el freets, brownies and pixies.

## CHAPTER XIV.

Down the Shaft to Deeper Scene—Universe Depending—Parentage  
Never Passes—Conserving Bosom of World—The Strata Tes-  
tify—The Tree Attests—Sky Families Affirm—Father Sol  
and His Child—Nature's Impermanent Symbols Point to  
Man's Permanent Realities—Great Men Not Dead—Living  
More Largely Now—Embarrassment in Mid Air—The Virtu-  
ous Old Person—God's Most Valuable Piece of Property—  
Bursting Life Breaking Shrivelled Husk—Rejuvenescence  
Robes—Homer's Portrait of Ulysses Old—Preacher Fathers  
Neglect Nothing But Themselves—Hymnic Application.

**W**E now come to draw a deeper scene. He who will have the truth must dig for it near the heart of things, and if you will come down the shaft to the real mine you will find abundant confirmation for all I am saying. This is not only to us an incomprehensively great universe, but also an inconceivably OLD one. Some of its lessons lie on the surface, but the most important are in the regions of the unseen. The main truth I at present want to teach is that this is a universe depending upon perpetual parent-hood for its progression in such swift, precise, sub-lime order, and minute and mighty loveliness.

Let me invite your attention to this theorem. Is the universe depending for existence in order and beauty upon perpetual parenthood? In other words, does parentage ever pass away? When our parents pass beyond the range of our physical eye is that the end? No, it is rather the beginning. They are all wrapped up in the eternal body of progression's marvellous product. To illustrate: the earth has had countless generations of various beings upon its surface. With Hugh Miller you travel down through the layers of its crust, and in its several periods you find remains of mighty and minute progenitors. The remains of great and small creatures, who lived on land and sea, are there cabinetted in the conserving bosom of our world. There they remain safely closeted in the hidden boudoirs of the globe. They lie encysted in countless billions of receptacles that, like well-kept portfolios, await, in their several compartments, the coming of the awful hand that so wisely placed them there; they seem to say we will stay here till He call for us again. What glorious function they perform as in those dark reservatories they wait, none of us now know. We know not how much they contribute to the welfare of the sphere; we know not what cataclysm their removal might cause. We know that there they are sanctuarized

as the ancient parentage of an ever-evolving world ; that there they remain, and that all dwelling on earth's surface are travelling to where they are with them to take their place in the crypts, niches or recesses provided for them, and so vast is the aggregate of the accumulated arrivals in the regions of the shades, that all who live upon the earth are as a handful compared with these who slumber in its bosom.

The foreshadowing imagery of the same thought seems set forth on the surface of the soil. This lovely tree, greatest of all vegetable life, gives my idea. It stands before you in the stately splendor of its species ; it lifts its imploring arms toward the sky as if to welcome shining sun, falling rain, or rising dew. It has only one generation of living plants upon it, but it has as many generations of the dead compacted in it as it is old. Each year has added a new generation to the original stock, and each increase to the stock has given girth and grandeur to the tree, till finally there it stands in its completed comeliness the joy of the distant landscape, silhouetted against the sky. You will notice, however, that all the outward splendor of that tree whether it be size, shape, foliage or fruit, is reared upon the generations of parents that are wrapped up in its trunk, roots and branches. Thus, but for supporting parentage

long since dead, we could not have a tree in any forest, field or park. And what is true of trees is true of all vegetable life, although in numerous species it appears in different forms. But the disparity of the phases does not change the validity of the principle that progress and even continuity in life depend upon the parentage that has gone and is staying still before. To spare moralizing you can apply this principle to the pioneer father preachers and see whither it leads. If you think closely and clearly you shall come out where I stand. But even before earth was habitable, before any generations of mighty mammals and giant trees had lived and died upon its surface, this same principle obtained.

When the universe was in flux, "without form and void," and darkness covered the face of the abyssmal "deep," and the Creative fiat went forth from the Omnipotent voice, and that voice commanded chaos to give up confusion, and spoke worlds into existence. At this high command, those mighty orbes arranged themselves under protecting parenthood, so that these families of the sky are fathered still, and without fatherhood evidently would fall back to chaos. Those wonderous worlds are all marshalled under the swaying scepter of family life. They go shining, swinging and singing through infinite



space in families under a father. The Sire never forsakes His children ; the children never forsake their Father. Should either refuse support it would prove the ruin of the traitor. There can be no disloyalty to the Sire, no selfishness toward the parent sphere, no neglect, no parsimony, no illiberality, no rapacity, no extortionate cruelty toward the Father Sun. There that Father holds on His flaming way, with his children rolling and rollicking round Him in all His glorious circles. He can never go where they will not follow; He is munificent, and they are generous. They are a mutual insurance company; they support each other; they are faithful precise and true as children and Parent. The world we tread is one of the youngest and smallest of these sky children, but it, like all the other members of the Solar family, is faithful in following and supporting its Father.

He shines sweetly upon it. Old Father Sol fondles and kisses it less or more every day. He makes it blush with flowers of beauty; he caresses it till it laughs and sings with billions of lovesome lives; he spreads his mantles over it and bathes its limbs with unguents of liquid joy; he caresses it with his smiles, and spreads over it, when weary, his sable robes fringed with tasseled fire and spangled

with glittering stars. He loves it so that he stretches out his rosy fingers punctually every morning, casts off the night robes and smiles lovesomely over his faithful darling. Never appears he to leave it night or day. If he is not beaming love upon it on one spot he is on another. He clothes it with gladsome garments, places liquid diamonds on its bosom, sends strands like molten silver streaming over its baby frame. His fervor is so great, his passion so true that he is utterly enamored of his child. But great as is this patriarch's affection and fidelity to his little child, the earth, it is but a symbol of the far more exceeding faithfulness of the true pioneer father for you, his human children. The Sire of day sometimes hides himself behind the clouds, but he never ; the sun leaves the distant polar limbs of his offspring locked in eternal ice, but he never; the sun sometimes shines with scorching heat, but he never ; the sun will one day leap from his place in the sky and plunge wildly through the throes of destruction into the regions of the inane unknown, but he never. For it is for him and his that all suns shine, and stars set ; for him and his, that all things move together so precisely and so powerfully, preparing in some mighty and mysterious way the mansions for the spiritual children of God.

Here we are in the deeps of the design of the universe. "Here thought leaps out to wed with thought ere thought can wed itself with speech." Everything is for man. Oh, wondrous words, and man for everything more wondrous still. Thus the great preparation of the first father goes on to educe spiritual fathers like himself in character, who shall be his associates forever on the governmental Throne. The human procession passes on from sin, its weakness, to sanctity, its strength. But the procession moves in the direction of fatherhood from the heterogeneity of exile to the homogeneity of recall.

It is a concrete procession passing to impeccancy, aye to indefectibility, so that it shall not only be impeccable, but so perfect that it shall be incapable of moral peccancy, and the working principle in all this is the continuity through all changes of God's parenthood, producing man's sonship through man's parenthood. Death does not destroy that human parenthood, but often serves to stimulate its power. Isaac Watt and Robert Fulton are long since gone, but have they ceased to be fathers of steam propulsion? Sir Isaac Newton has passed out of sight, but gravitation's laws, which he laid bare, are more than ever before us.

Benjamin Franklin and Richard Brindsley Morse

have not been here for some time, but electrical science never was so active. And what is true of these is still more palpably true of the Spiritual fathers. Paul's power is more wide-spread and potent to-day than when he was portraying lustroously the affecting picture of the Nazarene throughout the Roman empire, and so of Polycarp and Chrysostom, and Ignatius and Savonarola, and Wesley and Asbury, and all the vast multitude of pioneer fathers who have passed from physical sight. Though gone they speak; though unseen they are seen; though dead they live; though absent in body they are present in spirit, and to be present in spirit is unspeakably more than to be present in body, and this is in accord with the projected plan. The founder and promoter of that plan gave notice that whosoever believeth in Him shall never die. The plan remains unbroken, and is destined to so remain; nothing can interrupt or overthrow it. Whatever changes come shall but reveal the imperial splendor of its purpose, procedure and power. Therefore, the venerable pioneer fathers, though infirm with many years of service, are still an ever-increasing part of us, and after they have passed from our sight they will remain so. They shall be impacted into the great structure of humanity in much more

glorious style than remains of former living creatures are built into the follicles of the earth. They shall be built into the vast body of humanity in much more glorious manner than former generations into the lovely tree. They shall remain disembodied, flying in ecstatic rapture round the great Father of Spirits, like satellites round illustrious Sire. *So you perceive that you are not requested to take suitable care of men who are soon to cross the unseen bourne, never more to be seen or to return.* They shall be much *more lively and powerful then than ever.* Oliver Wendell Holmes congratulated Julia Ward Howe upon her seventieth birthday when he said, "to be seventy years young is sometimes far more cheerful than to be forty years old."

Thus then we are passing to the youthful side of life. Those who are old are probably nearer to it than those who are young. The development downward toward the grave is development upward toward the skies. If any class of men are more prominent than another in those boundless regions of everlasting youth, if any are foremost in prestige and power, if any are charged with special authority and command (and we have from the analogy of things every reason to think that there will be distinctions there as here), it will be the men who here

have sacrificed all for others. And it will be rather embarrassing to meet one of those grand old heroes heading a powerful army of angels in the air, while he points you out as one who helped to starve him off the earth because you were too stingy to help him in "the days when the keepers of his house trembled and the grinders ceased because they were few." If there be shame in heaven and you ever get there, you will blush regrets that day. But how inspiringly comforting it will be to you to meet those knightly veterans there as honored commanders of legions, or governors of planets or of worlds, and be able to hear them say, take good care of this, my noble son. In age he sheltered me and I'll support him now. And then to have him come decked in his crown of many stars, clad in his snow-white robes, distinguished with glorious scars which he proudly bears in honor of his King, and beaming with all the affluent affection of regal grace and recognize you and take you into his royal mansion, and say to his courtiers, here is one of my spiritual children, who, when I was hungry, fed me ; when I was thirsty, gave me drink ; when I was shelterless, gave me a home ; when I was old and worn and could not reward him, loved me so that he rescued me from the prison of poverty in which I was penned, and gave

me comfortable quarters to await the coming of the Master. Then the nobility of the heavens will receive you to their confidence. Your good repute will be established in the skies. The lustre, the respectability of your name, will be settled in heaven, and you shall move through the realms of glory brevetted with the stately primacy of a hero, and the splendid majesty of a man who did his duty when duty needed doing.

The perpetual persistence of paternalism through all changes, even through death itself, sets forth the supreme value of old age when mature in virtue. It is the superb product of the combined efforts of earth and heaven, of God, man and angels, of law and liberty of the focused forces of the best energies of all beings. The human life that has passed through all the testings and trials, temptations and tribulations, the languors and labors of a world like this, and come forth from the fiery processes, pure and powerful in character, is the *most precious product of the associated procedures of legitimate existence*. No wonder the Scriptures say, "Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head and honor the face of the old man" and "the hoary head is a crown of glory if it be found in the way of righteousness." Youth has its battle yet to fight. Middle

age is still in the heat of the conflict, but the retired, virtuous veteran is *an asset of the effort of the great God of Nature more valuable than either*. The hammers of existence through experience have beaten out of him everything evil, and the shuttles flung by every moment of his struggles have woven into him all that's good. So there he stands, though leaning upon the top of his staff, the *most intrinsically valuable piece of God's property*. He has been through all the probative, dioristic, discriminative testings of the great moral machine, and comes forth "weighed in the balance" and not "found wanting." He is God's most precious jewel, and the older he is the more precious he becomes.

It is, therefore, human short sightedness as well as villany that discounts old age. The oldest things we know are of the most value. It is the old air, earth, water and sun that serve us most in the development of body; they are so valuable that they are indispensable. It is the old truth, the old law, the old spirit that serve us most in the development of soul. They are so important that they are fundamental, and so it is with the old saints. You at once reply, how can an infirm, shrivelled, shrunken and worn-out octogenarian be so valuable as a bright,



flush young life in the prime of energy and vigor. You thus reply, because you judge by appearances and not by realities. That young life may falter, fail and fall into the gloom of eternal disaster.

But this completed life is just waiting for the rosy-fingered dawn of the eternal morning to open the gates of everlasting day. And this emaciated, wrinkled form you see indicates but the *withering of the shrivelled husk to make way for the exit of the finished life within*. A life too rich and great for earth to keep. A life so flush, full and fair that the heavens are watching the clock of eternity, anxious that the body may fall and let the young, gigantic spirit that is breaking its imprisoning shell so free that it may emerge with spirit eyes and soar aloft to spirit lands, and take its place among the conquerors for whose enthronement God, through all eternity and time and space, has been laboring eagerly until now, and shall labor till heaven is filled with the redeemed.

This is no vain enterprise like that of Ponce de Leon, when he penetrated Florida in search of the "Fountain of Youth."

It is no shallow theory like that of "The Philosopher's Stone," or "elixir vitæ" of ancient alchemists, or "ageless river" of the Orientals. The facts are,

the grave is a new cradle that rocks pioneer heroes upward. Demise is a new rejuvenescence that robes them in the sheen of immortal glory.

As Minerva disguised Ulysses upon his return, after his 20 years' wanderings and battles, so that his family and friends did not know him, so disease, and decay, desiccate the bodies of our pioneers that we do not recognize the majesty of their glorious nature after they have borne unmoved the wrongs of base mankind, the last and hardest conquest of the mind. The passage of Homer seems so fitting you may wish to read it:

"She spake, then touched him with her powerful wand,  
The skin shrunk up and wither'd at her hand,  
A swift, old age o'er all his members spread,  
A sudden frost was sprinkled on his head  
Nor longer in the heavy eye-ball shined  
The grace divine, forth beaming from his mind.  
His robe, which spots indelible besmear,  
In rags dishonest flutters in the air.  
A stag's torn hide is wrapped around his reins,  
A rugged staff his trembling hand sustains —  
And at his side a wither'd scrip was hung,  
Wide patched and knotted to a twisted thong."

This is an almost prophetic description of the

worn-out preacher when the world and church think they have gotten his best and vainly imagine they are through with him. Their harsh treatment produces as sad a change upon his frame as did that of the deceitful goddess upon Ulysses.

And yet as Ulysses said to his Father in his well kept garden,

"On every plant and tree thy cares are shown,  
*Nothing neglected but thyself alone.*"

So may we say to the true pioneer keeper of the vineyard of his Lord. But the days of neglect are remembered and numbered. The kind of Christianity coming to the front will neglect them little longer; care of spiritual parents is the Core of Christianity, and thinkers see it. The tide is setting toward care of the aged, the feeble in general, and toward the worn veterans of God in particular.

In proportion as thought unveils truth, this movement will take on momentum. You have seen in this chapter that pioneer parenthood lies hidden at the heart of earth and tree, and sun and star. That this pioneer parentage is the most precious asset in God's Kingdom. That it is God's proposed product, through all the changing generations, that this He is pursuing and shall pursue as the one divine event to which as Father of Spirits he focuses and oper-

ates all natural and spiritual agencies. Thus, then,  
may I not address you with the lines, and through  
them pray you may address yourself to the work of  
co-operative deliverance.

Beloved Reader you have heard  
Of Fathers dear and rare,  
Who gave to you the living word  
To free you from despair.

The riches they have brought to you,  
Now vested in your right,  
Earth's Kings and Queens have yearn'd to view  
But did not see the sight.

They led us to the Saviour's love  
And won us from our woes,  
Brought brightest glories from above  
And scatter'd all our foes.

And since our Fathers brought us light,  
We've had no dark despair,  
But blessings through the Gospel bright  
Come floating on the air.

To them I owe the greatest joy  
That e'er from glory came,  
For them my substance I'll employ  
To rescue them from shame.

So here's an off'ring cost me dear  
This gladly will I give  
To drive away the haunting fear  
From men who made me live.

## CHAPTER XV.

Which is Most Important?—What the Master Said—Way to Super Astral Plane—Highest Relationship—Delicate Doctrine—Never Said Before—Most Important Wards—Nausicaa on Nuptial Eve—Wanders With Them—Most Imperial Theme—Power and Peril—Quintessent Product—Rich Man's Specific—Its Transmutation—Fatal Failure—Most Splendid Offer—Sagacious Souls—William Walter Phelps—Abou Ben Adhem—Glad You Have Come.

**W**HICH is the more important, natural or spiritual parenthood? Each is indispensable in its place, but in the light of the infallible utterances of the Son of God, the spiritual holds pre-eminence. While Jesus was preaching to the people there came an interruption. His mother and brethren stood on the edge of the audience "desiring to speak with Him." Then one said unto Him, "Behold thy mother and thy brethren stand without and desire to speak with thee." But He answered and said unto him that told Him, "who is my mother? and who are my brethren"? And he stretched forth his hand toward his disciples and said, "behold my mother and my

brethren. For whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother and sister and mother." Matt. xii., 46-50.

What is the significance of these words? They cannot mean that our Saviour meant to disparage the importance of natural parentage, brotherhood or sisterhood. If not, what did he mean? He meant that spiritual relationships are so intrinsically, so supremely fundamental, so eternally essential that physical relationships are dwarfed in their presence. They take a subsidiary and secondary place. Neither character, happiness, usefulness or heaven is dependent upon them. Those who do the Heavenly Father's will are so near to Christ in nature and action that they are his real mothers and sisters and brothers without regard to physical relations. The relation of the flesh profiteth little. It is exterior and fated to decay. But the relationship of the spirit is interior and undecayable. It is this inward, undying, integral element in which spirits with spirits blend and become, by nature and practice, so similar in their aims and destiny that they are the closest and most harmonious brethren and sisters, fathers and mothers. This is the upper and real relationship.

The divisive elements are excluded; the uniting elements included, and disciples become one with Christ in fatherhood, motherhood, sisterhood and brotherhood. The power that pervades them all is the same. Through and by and in Christ they grow away from the heterogeneous, diversities, divergencies and divisions into the homogeneous, similarities, convergencies and unities.

The very same integral energy blends and fuses them into oneness of taste, feeling and purpose, and hence the Master's dying prayer, "That they all may be one, as thou Father art in me and I in thee, that they also may be one in us."

Herein is seen the organic closeness of the union. It is so close that it is indivisible so long as no foreign element is permitted to come between. And the Holy Spirit, who is the Divine Agent in this structural work of integration is so special to all and in all that He is the only immanent inherence, the only unalterable inhesion that brings forth in us eternal adhesion to God. He so convinces, teaches, comforts, guides and empowers all in that particular identity of direction that they all, though passing through different environments, meet at the same place, the same Father through the same Elder-

Redeeming Brother, blessed with the same exultant life and love. Thus, those who have hearts sufficiently transformed to do the will of the Father in heaven become the real brothers and sisters of the Saviour, because sons and daughters of the same Father by filial generation through the same Spirit and furnishment for the same heaven. This is the highest relation any being, I do not say human being, but any being, can attain at any time in any world.

I speak reverently, pondering every word, and say, that even the Almighty Father, Himself, can give no higher relationship than this to any creature.

Hence it is that they who have the closest, purest, strongest and least interrupted relation to the Father have the fullest, sweetest joy of life because they live on this super-astral plane.

No angel, no archangel, no cherub, no other creature, so far as we know, is admitted to this highest relation; man's prerogative is here exclusive and supreme. This postulates the most marvellous privilege laid bare anywhere in the annals of time or eternity. But I am not the postulant, I assume nothing. I simply state what appears in the words of God to man, and works of God for man. And to this



Supreme dignity, Jesus, in the above, rather anomalous, not to say embarrassing, family scene most impressively refers, so that all might see the supereminence and super-excellence of the spiritual relation over the natural. It is a somewhat delicate doctrine to announce, because at first view it seems rather against the sacredness and value of the physical filial relation. But such is only seeming, for in reality it exalts that relation because it is the final cause of the physical filial relation. Some of the last words of Jesus, Himself, from the cross, were to His precious Mother and His best beloved disciple, by which He most touchingly committed her to his care as he turned His failing eyes upon her in the death agony, and lovingly said, "Woman behold thy Son," and then looked meaningly upon John, and added, "Behold thy mother." John, who was likely richer than any other Apostle, knew what that meant, "and from that hour took her unto his own home." Thus, Jesus made the best provision for His venerable mother, and all persons possessed of His disposition do the same for their natural parents.

But this does not weaken my position that spiritual parenthood outranks physical parenthood by as much as spirit outranks matter, heaven earth, and

eternity time. This justifies the position Jesus took, and Jesus ratifies the position I take when I say that we are under more moral and spiritual obligation to take good care of our spiritual fathers and mothers than we are to take care of our physical fathers and mothers, by as much as our spiritual birth is more important than our physical birth. This is an unusual thing to say. It may never have been said before. I do not know that it has; if not, it is time that it should be preached and practised, for action thereon will be the strongest sermon that ever has been spoken. It will be a demonstration of the surpassing estimate we place upon spiritual as distinguished from physical things, and at the same time make us even more faithful to our natural parents should their care be placed upon us.

This premise granted, and it cannot, in the light of clean, clear thinking but be granted, it must follow as satellite the sun that the pioneer preachers, who are spiritual fathers of our country and spiritual fathers of ourselves in the very nature of things, are *our most important wards, whom we are under obligation not to pity but to support* in a manner befitting the dignity and honor of their office, and the unspeakable benefits they have conferred upon us and

ours by their ministrations. They are our dependent wards, we their responsible wardens. It is not something which we may do or not do as the whim takes us. It is an all-commanding and untransferable duty which you must discharge or writhe under the condemnation of the greatest sin that any human being can commit. A sin in which is inclosed all other sins; the sin of spiritual, filial ingratitude which is "the abomination of desolation" and curse of the whole earth.

If these glorious pioneers had never done any great deeds for you or your country, your sentiments of humanity alone should lead you to relieve them. Such relief, even of utter strangers, was practised with praise by the ancients who were certainly more barbaric than you.

On the eve of her nuptials, Nausicaa, daughter of the barbarian King Ancinous, said to her thoughtless maids, who ran away from shipwrecked Ulysses:

" 'Tis ours this son of sorrow to relieve,  
Cheer the sad heart nor let affliction grieve;  
By Jove, the stranger and the poor are sent,  
And what to those we give to Jove is lent."

And when in extremity, Ulysses thus addressed Polyphemus, the one-eyed Cyclop:

"At least some hospitable gift bestow,  
'Tis what the happy to the unhappy owe;  
'Tis what the gods require; those gods revere.  
The poor and stranger are their constant care,  
To Jove their cause and their revenge belongs;  
He wanders with them and he feels their wrongs."

If such were the sentiments of unevangelized man so many centuries ago, concerning the stranger, what should be the sentiments of Christianized people in this century toward the most favorably-known men who have contributed such large share to make us and our country what we are and what we are to be? A most imperial theme now opens. It is this: the power, peril and privilege of wealth. Money is compressed industry, space, time, peace, pleasure, sunshine. It is a power that can send comfort or curse over land and sea. It represents the essence of thought, plan, labor, care and struggle. It is the quintessence containing the results of enterprise, skill and economy of civilized man. It can sing its notes of virtue or of vice around the world; it can throng the gates of glory and crowd the gates of hell. It is a tremendous power, but is likewise a terrific peril. There is no evil but it can adopt; no villany but it can encourage; no sin but it can prac-

tise; no rascality but it can buy; no soul but it can help to damn; no dynamite so dangerous as money afloat seeking pleasurable destruction of its victim. It blows millions of human beings so far over the rim of ruin they are never by us seen again.

And yet wealth is also a wonderful privilege. "Money answereth all things," and the person who has a large amount of this quintessent product has an extract capable of being applied to all the virtues as well as all the vices.

There is no noble grace but it can nourish and adorn. It can make love more lovesome; joy more graceful; peace more placid; gentleness still more genteel; goodness more glorious; meekness more mighty; temperance more triumphant, and godliness more God-like. It can take the languishment out of the fainting enterprise. It can key the heroes to the highest heroism with steadier strength than call of trumpet, and yet it is so elastic and so portable that a man may have the result of millions of people's toil on a sheet of bank paper.

Thus money is a commodious thing. You can inflate it till it covers a world; you can compress it till it covers a square inch. In whatever form, it is a magnificent servant, but a most ruinous master.

Hence its privilege and peril; he who has it has a powerful talent. If he use this talent well he will be rewarded on the same scale as any other man who has properly utilized his talent, though it be of a different kind. Money is the rich man's specific, and, although, like Julius Cæsar, he have many other talents, he is charged with the heavenly improvement of this and whatever superiorities of mind and character he has, he is called to use in the improvement of this his most distinguished gift. But what improvement is he to make of it? Make the half million one? Yes! Make the million two? Yes! Make the two million ten? Yes! If he can do it honestly and discharge his other obligations. But the main manner in which the rich man is called upon to improve the money talent is to turn it into Heavenly Bonds. Transmute it into spiritual standard so that he may thus send it before to await his arrival and not leave it behind to ruin his relatives. The Saviour told a rich, young man the way to make deposits in this unbreakable bank.

The young man said, "Good Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" He told the Master, in answer to some close questions, he had observed the "commandments" from his youth. "Then

Jesus beholding him loved him and said unto him, one thing thou lackest, go thy way, sell whatsoever thou hast, and *give to the poor and thou shalt have treasure in heaven*, and come take up thy cross and follow Me." The young man "was sad at this saying and went away grieved, for he had great possessions." And so missed the opportunity of his life because he would not see what Jesus meant was that he should transmute his treasures into spiritual securities and send them on ahead to compound till he came, so that he would have them in infinitely richer quality, and quantity to go to and not depart from as he did in a short time after this interview. Our Saviour threw light on this episode on another occasion. After showing what a shrewd, worldly man will do to prepare himself against untoward contingencies, He said "make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness (money), that when ye fail they may receive you into everlasting habitations." Thus money can be converted into "friends" in heaven and "everlasting habitations" there. To the great capitalist this is the greatest proposition in existence. It is the grandest transmutation and transportation of money conceivable. Every person with money can take advantage of this most splendid

offer. The time will soon come when it will be no longer negotiable.

We have some sagacious souls who for years have been transferring their goods to this higher realm, and they have rich properties to go to when they set sail from here.

The Bowens, the Huylers, the Andruses, the Woods of New York.

The Murphys, the Barnetts, the Fitzgeralds, the Cummings of New Jersey.

The Linscotts, the Dunns, the Neilys, the Washburns, the Bakers, the Goodnows, the Jeffits of Massachusetts.

The Collinses, the Robinsons, the O'Neils, with many others throughout the Commonwealth, are evincing sublime sagacity in "laying up treasure in heaven where moth and rust do not corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal."

But this sagacity is not selfish on their part. It is not a mere desire for compound interest best compounded, but it is the outflow of a divine and well-loved principle, the principle of unselfish kindness toward man and duty toward God.

In fact, the vision of Leigh Hunt has come to these shrewd ones, not as something they have



adopted as compensative policy, but as the impelling, because the divine plan of moulding men toward each other and toward the author of their being. It was while guest of William Walter Phelps, afterwards the ambassador, who did our nation such honor throughout Europe, a beautiful episode occurred. Mr. Phelps was then on his elegant estate in New Jersey.

He said, "come to the gallery and let me know what picture you think most valuable." After looking around his rare collection some time I saw "The angel appearing to Ben Adhem." I said, "Mr. Phelps, this is my favorite." He said, "I will call my daughter and see how she agrees with you." Immediately upon being informed, she struck the attitude of a trained speaker, and spoke with discriminating skill the lines:

"Abou, Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase),  
Awoke one night from a dream of peace,  
And saw within the moonlight of his room,  
Making it rich like a lily in bloom,  
An angel writing in a book of gold;  
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,  
And to the presence in the room he said,  
'What writest thou?' The vision raised its head  
And, with a look made all of sweet accord

Answered, 'The names of those who love the Lord.'  
'And is mine one?' said Abou; 'nay, not so,'  
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,  
But cheerily still and said, 'I pray thee, then,  
Write me as one that loves his fellowmen.'  
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night  
It came again, with a great wakening light,  
And showed the names whom love of God had  
blessed;  
And lo! *Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.*"

Mr. Phelps was himself an embodiment of Hunt's immortal verse. He has since ascended to enjoy his vast estates in heaven. They far surpass his splendid possessions on earth, and he will never have to part with them. He keeps improving them. We expect to make him another visit soon, and feel sure he will say, as was his way, "I am glad you have hither come."



## CHAPTER XVI.

Divine Train—Cruel Charities—Not Understand—Conscience on Fire—Consuming Zeal—Visit to Hermits—Troglodite Lives—Make a Specialty—Great but Poor—New Awakening—John Richard Green—The Man who Never Gives—What Poets Say—Glittering Circean—Pioneer Patristics—Social Statics—Fragments that Remain—Old Preserve Grounds—Frosty but Kindly—Gaunt Infantry of Famine—Ride Along Front Lines—Compound Interest Best Compounded—Worst Woe of Venerable Age—What O'Clock in Heaven?

**M**ANY gifts never reach heaven because they are not sent on the Divine train. Charity impostures are quite common. Not a few benefactions prove positively cruel. They pauperize and degrade those whom they are intended to help. If some so called homes and asylums could be abolished and the inmates restored to their normal relations in life it would be better for inmates and society. Many who now live on the bounties of others would be better benefited if taught to live on the wages earned by their own self-reliant minds and industrious hands. Such givings are abuses that gradually creep una-

wares upon benefactors, cunningly planned and executed by indolent, intriguing persons. But here is a benefaction concerning which no such abuses can occur. The objects of it, are the "light of the world" and the "salt of the earth." They have been toiling physically, mentally and spiritually sixteen hours a day for the welfare of mankind till they can toil no more.

People who do not understand, think the preacher's life is one of greatest ease. But those behind the scenes are well aware no life is more taxing in its demands. Every true pioneer of God is ever hastening to do something that needs doing or to say something that should be said. His conscience is on fire and will not let him rest while a duty remains undone. This compelling master is constantly crying through his soul, the time is short, the work is great, the people perish, the Lord is calling. Therefore on, on though your head ache, on though your heart break, on though you die, on ever only on as long and as far as you can go and so I say sixteen or seventeen hours per day find him struggling in one way or another to serve his fellowmen. And when I contrast this life-consuming career with that of any other profession or business I find none equal to it in consuming zeal on the globe. I do not say this is

universal. I do not say there are no lazy, misplaced men in the ministry. I do not say they are all aiming yearningly night and day at perfection of service. But I do say this is the rule and is especially the rule with men who make things of importance come to pass. How different this life to that of the pretentious anchorites. I visited these Hermits, Monachists and spike-bedded Simons in many parts of the world. I inquired of them, ate, drank and slept with them, and must confess they are but flickering tapers in the caves or cliffs they occupy. And although they are of no use to mankind in their indolent, Troglodite lives, yet they have always enough given them from one source or another. But here are the perishing, worn out pioneers who have gone wherever duty called them, up and down the land in the most laborious, exhausting labors, teaching, preaching, praying, lifting the people of this republic up to what they have become. Neglecting nobody but themselves, spending and being spent that the whole people might be enriched, enlarged and ennobled, and now in solitude, age, feebleness, sickness and disability brought on by care of others, they have not enough to keep them warm in winter nor cool in summer, not enough to supply the little food and comfort that extreme old age and weakness require.

Here kind reader is a benefaction worth your most serious investigation. Here is a blessed work you can well make a specialty. Here is a good and gracious work upon which there is no handicap, no doubt, no discount. I refer you to all bishops, preachers and members of the Methodist Episcopal Church of America for confirmation of these words. You reply, why don't the great Methodist Episcopal Church take care of these their spiritual fathers? Please remember that, though this church is great, it is not rich as some other churches in this world's goods. Like its preachers it has been making itself rich for heaven, but poor for earth by the vast sums it spends daily in teaching the gospel to the heathen and in promoting the gospel in our own land. Millions upon millions are spent on missionaries and teachers and all kinds of agencies to aid mankind. Some there are who might give more, but as a rule our people are good givers for the care of the young, the salvation of the immigrants and the evangelization of the masses, so that they have not been able to provision properly their worn out men and women. But there is an awakening abroad among them in this direction.

Just such an awakening as if now encouraged by noble leadership would set the whole church in mo-

tion and lead to an old age permanent fund such as is so sorely needed now. You reply you have your own church to care for. It is proper that you should, but as said elsewhere there is no church in the land but has been benefited and blest by the inspirational example and illuminating preaching of the itinerating pioneers. So much is this the case that critical observers like John Richard Green, assert that the good accomplished among other churches in rousing and leading them with alacrity to best efforts is greater than the good it has accomplished for itself. Mr. Green sums up his synopsis on this subject in the notable words, "the results of the Methodists are greater than the Methodists themselves."

Thus you see these pioneers belong to you by what they have done for you should you happen to be Episcopalian, Baptist, Congregationalist, Catholic or whatever else.

Ah! but you may elude by saying, I am neither, I belong to no religious body. Then all the greater is your indebtedness to the worn out pioneer. You directly and personally enjoy every day the peace, the liberty, the law, the order, the urbanity and prosperity he has promoted so successfully throughout the Commonwealth. If you have given nothing in view of these high blessings you owe all the greater sum

now. Ah, but you may respond, I am not a giver. Well, if that be so, the whole universe is against you and that will ruin you utterly.

Thomas Gibbons tells you

“That men may last but *never lives*  
Who much receives but nothing gives,  
Whom none can love, whom none can thank  
Creation's blot, creation's blank.”

Lord Tennyson disdainfully directs your future conduct regarding him if you will not help him now.

“Come not when I am dead  
To drop thy foolish tears upon my grave  
To trample round my fallen head  
And vex the unhappy dust thou  
would'st not save  
There let the wind sweep and the plover cry  
*But thou go by.*”

And yet the worn out preacher would not be likely to say as much as Tennyson. As a rule he does not cultivate the pertness or piquancy of the poet. Although the most penetrating bards speak well of him. Longfellow thus :

“Skillful alike with tongue and pen  
He preached to all men everywhere the  
golden rule  
The new commandment given to men



Thinking the deed and not the creed  
Would help us in our utmost need."

And John Dryden :

"The proud he tamed, the penitent he cheered  
Nor, to rebuke the rich offender feared,  
His preaching much, but more his practice  
wrought  
(A living sermon of the truths he taught)  
For this by rules of life he squared  
That all might see the doctrines which they  
heard."

Oliver Goldsmith :

"And as a bird each fond endearment tries  
To tempt its new fledged offspring to the skies  
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay  
Alur'd to brighter worlds and led the way.  
While in his duty, prompt at every call,  
He watched and wept and prayed and felt  
for all."

And Cowper :

"Would I describe a preacher ?  
I would express him simple, grave, sincere,  
In doctrine incorrupt, in language plain  
And plain in manner, decent, solemn, chaste,  
And natural in gesture much impress'd,  
Himself as conscious of his awful charge  
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds  
May feel it too ; affectionate in look

And tender in address ; as well becomes  
A messenger of grace."

And Sandys describes the attitude of the retired pioneer :—" I have taught you my dear flock for above thirty years how to live and I will show you in a very short time how to die."

And Baxter :

"I preached as never sure to preach again  
As dying man to dying men."

These are the kind of preachers now "in age and feebleness extreme" you are asked to save from the physical distresses they have brought upon themselves that they might enrich you with the splendors of everlasting life, and as we have seen, with many of the greatest blessings of this life as well. Whilst money is a glittering circean that can buy every vice and lead the way to every misery, it is also an Aladdin's lamp that can illumine the way to many a comforting joy and splendid victory. And since the time has arrived when sensible rich persons are becoming scientific dispensers of their means and are beginning to look upon money as a talent to be used in the ascending development of life, it is a good time to make pioneer patristics a study. A most auspicious time to chime

in with the laws of spiritual patrology and make deliverance of the retired sufferers a specific.

It is certainly a shameful sin to longer crucify the old veteran on a cross of poverty while the land is flooded with money. He should be supported so that he can continue to be bountiful and kind. He should not be made feel that his shabby attire is discounting his influence nor insufficient food hastening him to the grave, nor that he is so poor he is shunned by the rich and derided by the young. It is an unwritten law of social statics that the more useful, exalted and honorable an office, the more decently should the occupant live. Every old minister feels this keenly and especially in these respectable times.

Besides there is a great deal of much-needed ability in our old men. They are capable of doing splendid service, aye, the very best of service, if they had support and encouragement. The accumulated mental and moral treasures of the most observant and aggressive lives are theirs, and with these qualities they could be Nestors in the "camp." The Master says: after life's full feast, "gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost." The fragments of the studious lives of many old men of God form the best fare upon which

rising youth and even mature men and women can advance in vigor. Chaucer, in his quaint way, hit the mark when he said: "For out of *olde feldys*, as men say, cometh al this newe corn from yere to yere." The old fields are the old soil of these matured men. These are the old preserve grounds of Divine husbandry, and we had better do our part in preserving them if we desire the right kind of harvests. But the thoughts, hearts and lives of the venerable preachers contain not only the deep, rich soil in which the good seed grows, but they have a great many of the spiritual fragments of Life's feast. Almost every industrious, old preacher has "twelve" barrels "full" of them.

The church needs them, the world dies for lack of them, and he is quite willing to give them. With uncontaminated body and the best of souls, he is ready to distribute these fragments that remain to him, and so stands ready to do any work of necessity.

"Let me be your servant,  
Though I look old, yet am I strong and lusty;  
For in my youth I never did apply  
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,  
Nor did, with unbashful forehead woo  
The means of weakness and debility.  
Therefore, my age is a lusty winter  
Frosty but kindly,

Let me go with you.  
I'll do the service of a younger man  
In all your business of necessity."

There is no doubt but this is the way many a retired veteran feels, and this is the way he would make himself useful till the end if he were released from that dire penury that drives him to solitude and silence.

Let, then, the fragments of these noble lives be used in the holy war ; let us stretch out the helping hand and put into it filial and faithful power. These men were once the inspiring cavalry of Christendom, they are now the gaunt infantry of famine. Let us, therefore, mount the milk-white steeds of benevolence, unfurl the red flag of self-sacrifice, and with it floating in the zepthers of celestial morning, ride along the front of the lines "with healing to the broken-hearted," financial "deliverance to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound to set at liberty, them that are bruised," and preach the year of Jubilee to those old men and women in bondage for our sakes. My dear reader, this is the most magnificent thing to do : If God has given you the means let nothing prevent you from doing it ; if you have money that you want to put on everlasting deposit, bearing a high rate of

compound interest—best compounded—do not let these words cool within you till you have written a transfer check from your bank on earth to your bank in heaven, via the pioneer preachers' line. If you are a Christian lady like Queen Esther "you have come to the Kingdom for such a time as this."

If a gentleman, provide handsomely for those good gray heads which some men knew were doing greatest deeds for you, and so when you come to the same longevity :

"An old age serene and bright,  
And lovely as a Lapland night"

shall lead you to your home, for you shall have rendered honorable age its due. Darkness and despair form not the heritage of old age unless we choose to make it so.

The worst woe that waits on these virtuous, venerable persons is not the weight of years ; it is the cold neglect of the withheld hand, the needed care that stamps the wrinkles deeper on the face, that make the nerves lie limpid in their course, that make the poor heart sicken and the good soul heavy with a sadness, that like a mountain grief sinks the body to the tomb.

Fate may some times seem to make the weary

wheels of life, like those of a clock, stand still, but if those wheels were duly wound and freely oiled the grand machine, though slowly moving to the stopping point, would run for many a delightful day keeping tick with eternal time, and showing the world what o'clock it is in heaven.



## CHAPTER XVII.

Deathful World—Exchequeral Exchange—Some Samples—Runs  
Unchallengably Round—Divine Discontent—Bellerophonized  
—Nero Burnt with Fire—We Coat with Compliments—Dish  
Fit For the Gods—Decorous Cruelty—Macbeth and Duncan's  
Blood—Marie Antoinette—Queen Mothers—Refined Murder  
—Twilight Brings the Stars—Dramatization of Existence—  
Universe One's Larger Self—Sword Goes Sounding Through  
the Air—Homely But Heavenly Ditty—Older than the  
Stars—Ageless Age—To Roam and Rule in Ageless Youth.

**O**LD age is courteous. Like a friendly stranger  
he comes politely and knocks at our door  
with gentle knockings, whispering with a voice of  
pity, speaking lovelily, it is almost time to go.  
But if by care and watchfulness in discharge of  
duty we wish to stay a little longer, old age often  
relents, but in passing says, I'm sure to come again,  
be ready when on last call I come.

Of course you know that in this deathful world  
some times violence, as when  
"Great Achilles pressed the ground  
And breathed his manly spirit through the wound,"  
strikes some vital spot and takes us with unwarned



stroke. Yet that only adds to the reason we should

"Be true to each other let happen what may  
Till the end of the day,  
And the last load home."

Filial, practical love is the basic premise of all good. We should love, and love on to the end of the full lengthened life upon whose bending tip hangs the golden fruit. Not necessarily community of goods need we practise but rather exchange

From those who have what heroes need  
To those who need the hero's need.

This world is an exchequeral exchange. And so long as we are here equity of exchange must be maintained, or suffering and deformation must ensue.

The reason the tree is so symmetrical, so beautiful and fruitful is that each branch has its fitting share of sustenance. And to rear a life of symmetry, strength and sweetness in ourselves each part of our nature must have its needed share. This is secured by parting with what you can spare without spoiling your symmetry, for what you cannot spare without marring your completeness. All history shows that they who are most willing to engage in doing good to the needy by their temporal things

are most highly favored by the conveyances of spiritual things.

Because Dorcas was full of good works and "alms, deeds which she did," she was responsive to the call of Peter to come back from the shades.

Because Cornelius "gave much alms and prayed to God alway," the angelic visitant secured for him the divine messenger who rounded out his life into such loveliness.

Because Zaccheus gave half his goods to the poor, and if, as public exactor by false accusation, he had defrauded any man, he restored him fourfold, our Saviour admitted him to the high privilege of his company, and brought salvation to his heart and house.

Because the Bethany Family gave such affluent hospitality to Jesus and His pioneers they were thrilled with ecstasy by that voice which said, "Lazarus, come forth." These and all other such events prove there is a close connection between earthly giving and heavenly receiving. The given earthly gift prepares for the reception of the better heavenly blessing, and the two together produce that proportionate sustenance which in season brings forth that fulness of character which runs unchallengably round the circles of the moral universe. And this

completeness of life that can go anywhere in God's creation without question is the grand goal of our being.

Here and now we have angularities and incompleteness, consequently we have divine discontent. And our mission is to make incompleteness complete, and in a new country and age like this we have the richest opportunity.

Crises are not born but grow out of conditions, and in the crisis lies the opportunity. The one opportunity that stands up now like a mountain among hills is the deliverance of worn-out preachers from the gnawing pangs of poverty. These most useful and least dispensable men have been the spiritualized Napoleons shining in the splendors of victory on the field, but as soon as their spiritual victories are completed they are bellerophonized and sent to the lone, barren isle in the pitiless ocean to linger on quarter rations till merciful death delivers them.

Shall cruel heathenism be less cruel to our best friends than we?

Nero, the miscreant, the vilest Roman wretch, the body-spotted tiger, nailed the old fathers to a cross of wood upon which they expired in a few hours. We nail ours on a cross of poverty and the painful

process of dying is protracted sometimes for years. Nero sewed up the fathers in the skins of wild beasts and then called the dogs to devour them. But we sew ours up in the cold civilities of polite pretence and simulated kindness, and then leave them to be devoured by the gnawing of unmerited desertion and doleful destitution.

Nero coated the fathers with pitch and then fired them to illumine the darkness of the Roman night; thus they were suddenly consumed. But we Christian people have a finer art. We coat them with compliments, sugar them with wordy appreciation, stiffen and steady them with reminiscences of what they have done, and then set the slow, wasting flame of weakening want upon them so that they may linger long in the spasms of dreary dissolution.

Many martyrs have been burned at the stake, and stoned on the spot, been beheaded in a second, been sawn and torn asunder by the axe and the sword; but that is not the way we dispose of our noble veterans. We are too advanced, refined and civilized for that; and so we say, as said Brutus, to the assassins of Cæsar,

"Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully,  
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,  
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds."

Ah! when shall this refined cruelty find a voice? where shall the dead and dying Cæsars of the Church find a Mark Antony to speak such words over their dear, mute wounds as will make the stones of America rise and mutiny? Surely there are enough of men and women with "ungrafted love," in this richest nation, to lift up their financial hands high and say this decorous cruelty, this fashionable inhumanity, this polished brutality toward our best conservators must cease.

There is an American society for the prevention of cruelty to animals; there is another for the prevention of cruelty to children; there has been an American society for the destruction of slavery. But far above these there is now needed a society for prevention of polite and polished butchery of the men and women who above all others have made America. How can any person possessed of surplus funds, or possessed of ability to obtain them, rest while this slow, silent murder is going on night and day, and not come to the rescue of the meek and gentle victims? Victims who have done everything for men that men can do for men. Victims who are victims, because only by self-victimization they could make us victorious. How can conscience sleep while the clamor of such guilt

lifts up its voice ? "for murder, though it have no tongue, will speak with most miraculous organ," and when she speaks it will be with the cry of murderous Macbeth, after he so avariciously slaughtered Duncan :

"Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood  
Clean from my hand ?  
No ! this my hand will rather  
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,  
Making the green one red."

or of Lady Macbeth who spurred her husband on to murder of the innocents, after which she appeared, washing her hands in despair, exclaiming :  
"Here's the smell of blood still, all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand."

But while you think the thoughts of tragedy your intellections and affections are conferring.

Out of such conference rise the good resolutions which, as the free children of God cry, we are come. And as these children are the real vestals that keep the sane fires burning upon the virtuous altars of the heart you will think of many things.

You will perhaps think of the beautiful Queen Marie Antoinette, whose head was shorn away by the fury of the French. But as you brood over that pathetic tragedy your resentment is moderated

when you reflect upon the provocation the Queen gave her assassins. You will then please turn to the Queen Mothers in Israel and ask what provocations have they given the American people? What evil have they done? What treason have they sown? What curst haughtiness have they brought forth? And as you look up the history in your mind you will recall that it has been love and kindness and self-denial and humility and meekness, and all the graces of a good spirit that they have sown, and that, therefore, no one is so mercifully impulsive as to behead them in a moment of fortunate frenzy. But that the lives of these dear old mothers are being taken kindly and humbly and meekly and gradually and with polite neglect and courtesy. It is a new species of long drawn matricidal assassination, a refined style of murder of the dear, old ladies who have mothered us in the gospel.

One would not suppose, in presence of such scenes, we were born to do benefits, especially to the aged. For while youth has its glory, so also has age. It is the evening twilight brings out the stars. It is beneath their light the aged warrior advances into the infinite.

The shades of night close over him and he has crossed the evening bar. Clothed in white, an arm

rises up from the bosom of the sea. Over it springs an arch of promise ; on that arch are the words, "*I have changed but I have not died* ; I was a soldier by day and a sentinel by night ; I am still watching and waiting till you come." And then a scarlet splendor shrouds the watcher waiting there. This is the kind of spirit you are able now to help before it disappears to wait and watch for you. After a little longer you shall not be able. You may not know these friendly souls in the flesh, but you can know them in the spirit, for "spirit with spirit can meet ;" can be "closer than breathing and nearer than hands or feet." There is an Ambient Being in whom all noble spirits gather ; that Being is the Soul of history ; the Soul of the universe making for unity and love. If the dramatization of existence were possible, the pioneer, in passing, would appear as the "Edition de Luxe" of humanity. He would appear not as a wandering hadji or palmer pilgrim, but as the equestrian of the chariots of Israel, chariotteering humanity to heaven. He would appear as the one superb exponent of those solemn mysteries all need so much to know.

Those mysteries are based upon infinite calculations ; those calculations move through all branches of existence ; those branches all focus toward one great achievement.



That achievement is the object for which all other accomplishments have played their part in the illustrious drama, and that illustrious drama is the gathering by the God of love, all beings capable of enjoying Him and His around himself in the ecstasies of everlasting exhilarating life :

“ One God, one law, one element,  
And one far-off divine event,  
To which the whole Creation moves.”

The pioneer would be seen bringing persuasion to a focus and leading men to say :

“ I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,  
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.”

Aye, he would be recognized as rising to a loftier refrain :

I see that through the ages one Father's purpose runs,  
And the hearts of men are gathering round that purpose in His sons.

For this is the ground work of universal love as well as universal law. Number, form, magnitude are all co-operant with Almighty mathematics. The universe is one's larger self and the smaller self is intended to run to the author of the universe for

care. The business of the pioneer preacher is to display this most glorious design. He wields no sword, like Sir Galahad, that simply "carves the casques of men."

It is no sheer, enchanted wand thrust into his hand by some bewitching wizardry of time to accomplish some rude issue or selfish aim. He has a sword but it has burned into its blade. "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten son that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life."

He is the humble representative of this most stupendous love, gift and life. As his sword goes sounding through the air it produces transforming effects. The simple, yet sublime people become very peaceable, teachable and happy. They express their happiness by singing such personal experiences as :

"On Sunday I am happy,  
On Monday full of joy ;  
Tuesday I have peace within  
Which Satan can't destroy ;  
On Wednesday and on Thursday I am walking in  
the light,  
Friday is a heaven below,  
And so is Saturday night.

O, glory ! glory ! glory !! glory to the Lamb,  
Hallelujah, I am saved, and I'm so glad I am."

This is a homely but heavenly ditty, and such heart glow as it implies is infinite in reach and endless in importance. You find no rebellion, no treason, no foul play among people who enjoy such simple yet sweet songs of devotion, and if all the people had the happy experience of them in their hearts there would be but little misery. Injustice, rapacity, violence, sin and crime of every kind would flee away as hungry buzzards who can find nothing to feed upon.

Police, armies, navies, saloons, jails, courts and all other institutions that prey upon capitalists and laborers would be scarcely known, and the billions of savings devoted to the development of the people and the benediction of the world.

Thus, even from the world side view, the pioneer preacher represents infinite riches in little space. He knows :

"From the bounteous heavens all riches flow,  
And what man gives, the gods by man bestow."

In other words, what you give, God gives through you. You are God's favorite medium, because the practise of giving helps to lift you up to loftier life and makes you like Life's Author. Being like Him

life loses "its sear and yellow leaf, the worm, the canker and the grief." You enjoy living; to live is rapturous. You are not looking like poor Byron into a gulf of repelling gloom from which you seek to fly but cannot. Life has no autumn, no collapse, no catastrophe. It goes steadily on throughout the allotted years, increasing in vigor, love, hope, energy on the eternal side till finally it breaks through its shell, and like a viewless bird soars to its natal skies.

Ah! ye old stars that have looked down on countless generations come and go.

Ye old mountains that stand like Marathons in grandeur laughing at the wreck of nations.

Ye old rivers, lakes and oceans that have in disdain looked upon so many millions come, thrive, bloom, fade and fall.

And thou old sun, source of terrestrial stability and grandeur, who hast smiled upon countless billions crowding to the tomb. I call upon thee to witness in presence of these, thy children, that this death of ours is not destruction; that we are older far than thou, oh Sire of day, older than satellites, planets and suns, sparkling in spaces of immensity; older than each, older than all. For we are ancient as our Father's bosom; old as his ever-

lasting purpose, for He had purposed us "before the foundation of the world." And death is but an incident in our onward march from eternity behind to eternity before that perfected by the experiences, the travels, the testings, the defeats, the triumphs of this developing excursion from the throne of purpose to the throne of power, we might the brighter beam, the more gloriously shine, the more magnificently obey, adore, bless and rule forever and forever in fullest ecstasies of most exhilarant life. There is no old age to the ever-advancing child of God. Therefore, oh, ye venerable suns, stars, satellites, mountains that have never shed a tear as millions of the dead passed by, I bid you welcome to your stolidity. I speak you welcome to your long stability, yet out-vaulting far your limitations, we look to the eternal day and already see its morning; and after all ye instruments of God have fulfilled your appointed functions, and like a temporary scaffolding are swept from the sum of things because no longer needed. Then in ageless age these pioneers shall in grandeur stir the pulses of the universe with beauty, life and love. They shall inspire the valor of heaven's highest braves. They shall lead the hosts above as they have the battalions below to broadest, deepest, noblest deeds.

Their ample sway will increasingly abound through all the works of God, the fields of ether, the new heaven and the new earth.

They shall ever be abroad kindling generous fires. As God's selected seraphs they shall patrol the expanses of space to keep all in harmony with that melodious music that comes from the choir invisible. Think not then you have no interest in God's veterans because they seem so old. They are not old; they shall never die. It is but the shrivelled husk that's old. They shall be forever young. Not only forever young, but rich and stately, strong and influential, for seeing they have been "faithful over a few things," according to His promise God will make them "rulers over many things," as they enter into the joy of their Lord. And you may need their influence much more there than here, wherefore unto them be kind. If you prove worthy they may have some rich positions for you there. If you ignore their deep and dire necessity it will be a blot upon you that shall not be forgotten. But if you rescue them it will be a plume to wave in splendor over you forever.

Surely that is better than turning from the men who have brought you your treasure after you have taken it from their hand.

Surely that is better than turning out your best friends like beasts in whom you have no interest to graze upon the commons.

Surely that is better than acting so foolishly that the following is true of you :

"Through life's dark road his sordid way he wends,  
An incarnation of fat dividends."



## CHAPTER XVIII.

What We Have Seen—It Remains to Notice—From a Dollar to Millions—Under My Eye—Bright Young Member—Calling a Pioneer—Cooing Matins to the Sky—Mainspring of Success—Universal History—Seeing How and Why—Need of Three Things—Best Sign to Rovers—The Golden Chain That Binds—Aggregate Aids Each—The Astors—Strange Sense of Security—Many Tight Squeezes—Solution of the Problem—Rich Real Estate Exploiter—Singular Sensitivity—Ashamed to be Ashamed—The Wonder is no Outcry—Time Come—Benevolent Specialty.

**W**E have seen how the pioneer preachers have furnished the conditions that have made our millionaires possible.

How they have supplied the circumstances that have made the Middle Rich so well to do.

How they have developed the people by creating in them dispositions that have impelled them to personal and national importance.

How they have increased the efficiency of those agricultural, educational, inventional, manufacturing and commercial enterprises that have made our Republic so great.



It now remains to us to notice the enhancing influence they have upon *real estate*, which is the material base of supplies. When the Methodist pioneers began their people-enriching career, land was worth only a dollar an acre, except in eastern centres where other colonial pioneer preachers had been working. Now some of it is worth millions of dollars per acre. The persons in possession reap the benefit of this immense appreciation.

It must be interesting to these rich friends to know who set the forces in operation that have enabled them or their ancestors to become so wealthy through realty. For some time sagacious real estate operators have been aware of the enriching power of the pioneer upon their enterprises.

Under my eye, years ago, a beautiful plateau on Jersey City Heights fell into the hands of real estate promoters. They mapped, staked and apportioned the property in the usual way.

But still their lovely lots lay vacant and ominous silence and solitude reigned where they had expected blocks of beautiful buildings. As this was swiftly working their financial ruin they were in despondency. But a bright, young member of the syndicate said: gentlemen, the cause of our stagnation is the absence of a pioneer preacher. He was not a

special friend of preachers. He was worldly and therefore, incapable of appreciating the value of a preacher except from the earthly view point. But he had keen business perception and perceived that in and around New York, when realty developments had proved successful, they were accompanied by preachers, where they were failures as in this case they had no prophets of the Lord, and so this shrewd man of the world said, let us secure a preacher. The members, after careful inspection of places and comparison of notes, finally saw the truth, and although none of them were thoroughly religious and their combined wisdom could not give a good reason why a pioneer preacher makes real estate desirable. Yet from evidences gathered from various quarters they agreed to call a live pioneer. Before he had gotten well to work he said, gentlemen we must have a church. This troubled them. A church was expensive, and they had no desire for one personally. But the pastor would not stay unless they built a sanctuary, so under his inspiration they made a great effort and built a fine one. What was the effect? As people looked up from the flying boats and rushing trains they saw on that elevated ridge overlooking the Hudson the bay and city of New York, a fine white church, like a moun-

tain dove, sweetly nestled beneath the trees, cooing softly her matins to the sky. Passers by said it must be lovely there. No saloons, noise, dust smoke, and a church to boot. A celestial place to live, another said ; and what a view, a third replied. How fresh the air, I'm going up to see, the next rejoined. Hold, not too fast, let's all go together, the first suggested. They went, business was begun, and in a short time Jersey City Heights were shining with happy homes and gay with charming life. And as the enriched real estate speculators walked reflectingly around, they complacently said, it was well we saw and used the power of the preacher and his white church on the hill.

This is only a specimen of what has happened in thousands of instances during the last hundred years, and especially the last forty.

Every great city has had many such exploitations and they are going on still on the growing border and suburbs of every expanding metropolis. Every thriving population, also in our towns, villages and agricultural districts, can show somewhat similar successes. But whether in the great metropolis, the small city, or the country district, the main spring of success is the messenger of God, giving courage, stability and progressive goodness to the people.

At first sight this may seem too much to say, but not upon close examination. The statement has universal history behind it. Even where the true God was not known, the nation builders had to have some kind of god and some kind of priest or preacher to represent him before they could be successful in persuading people to settle and cohere in governmental solidarity.

The Egyptians had their priests representing Isis and Osiris, hence Thebes and Memphis, etc.

The Persians their priests of Ahura Mazda, hence Persepolis, etc.

The Greeks their priests of Jupiter, hence Athens, etc.

The Romans their priests of Minerva, hence Rome, etc.

The Hindoos their priests of Brahma and of Budha, hence Benares, Lucknow, Delhi, etc.

The Chinese their priests of Tao and Shanghti, hence Pekin, Hancow, Tien-tsin, etc.

The Japanese their priests of Shinto, hence Nikko, Kioto and Tokyo, etc.

The Mohammedans their priests of Allah, hence Mecca, Cairo, etc.

The Hebrews their priests of *the Jehovah*, hence Jerusalem, etc.

And the Christians their pioneer preaching priests of that Infinite Omnipotent Father who created and sustains all good things and who sent His Best Beloved Son to open the way back to Himself, hence the illustrious cities of Christendom. This is but an outline of the history and if you have the desire you can easily fill it up at your leisure. But as to seeing how and why this is true you might have more difficulty, especially if unaccustomed to observing closely human conditions and the causes of them.

Human beings are created with the greatest possibilities in essence and in germ, and yet are the most needy of creatures. The sheep is born with wool on its back, but the human babe is born nude and in need of care. This natural nudity and necessity are types of the physical, mental and spiritual wants human beings are exposed to throughout life. They feel the need of three things : protection, peace and prosperity. They will not settle in large numbers on any spot of earth where these do not seem probable or possible to them. Though naturally gregarious they prefer a wandering life to constant, local, conflict, danger and destitution. But wherever there is any land on which they can congregate and have assurance of protection, tranquility and

supplies they are ever eager to combine, locate and rear homes. But what is the best sign to these rovers looking for a place to settle that they shall be safe-guarded, kindly dealt with and granted an opportunity of procuring supplies. Nothing gives confidence to such people equal to a church spire pointing like a living finger to the all-providing Father in heaven. It is the ever present ensign of peace and good-will toward men as well as the assurance of fair play, safety and possible promotion. The spires of Old Trinity, New York, and of Old South, Boston did more to gather people round these great centres than we can calculate, and so of all our other cities and towns.

They gave confidence to the people, and confidence is the one force people must have before they can be peaceably built into a city or a nation, for mutual confidence is the golden chain that binds human beings together. Now you are prepared to see how this works. The people gather to the place in which they have confidence. Realizing their welfare they keep coming and staying, each furnishing some particular branch of industry for the public good. Others seeing them happy and prosperous join them in hope of the same prosperity; and so the gradual addition of units goes on by the free will of each

and the permission of all till a multitude has organized into an industrial army of mutual helpfulness, and a great city is established by people seeking to improve by honest labor their condition.

In this way each helps the aggregate and the aggregate aids each, so that whilst one is building himself up by equitable industry he also contributes his quota to building up others.

Now see what bearing this has upon real estate values. As a rule, in proportion to the quantity and quality of a populace, real estate appreciates. In New York realty is more valuable than in any other city, because it is the largest in population and ablest in finance. From New York to the smallest city in the Union, realty depreciates in ratio with the lack of numbers and abilities. The reason is clear. Where a piece of land exists and many able people want it the price rises. If you have an equally good piece of land but no capable people want it the price does not go up.

Thus, great multitudes of powerful people wishing to settle on or near the same spot send real estate values up in that particular place, while if there are fewer people of ability who want a place the value does not rise so high. Thus, many citizens are rich because they or their ancestors saw these things:

and benefited by them. They are now enjoying the unearned increment (that is the increase in value), the influx and enterprise of powerful people have given their property.

This kind of increment has been the main source of wealth to "the Astors," and has been and is the source of great riches to hundreds of thousands of other favored families throughout the nation. You naturally ask what relation have the pioneer preachers to this? The same relation the preacher had to the plateau on Jersey City Heights. Had it not been for them this splendid safe and rapid civic growth of our numerous great cities would have been impossible. The preachers gave the people a sense of protection, peace and prosperity, such as neither police courts nor municipal legislation could give.

In our present crass stage of evolution toward perfection civilizing force is indispensable. But above all trust in civilizing compulsion, there ever comes to the heart and conscience of the multitude that strange sense of security that every one instinctively possesses in the presence of the man who represents the all-loving Father and Redeeming Elder Brother of Humanity. The stranger may not know the preacher. He may never see him, but



the knowledge he is in town gives him confidence and hope.

When travelling in dangerous and savage places in Oriental Lands, and I saw fury in the eyes of the natives, and evident jeopardy around, I always, through my interpreters, asked for the health of the priests, and sent them my best wishes by the mobs, and I passed through many tight squeezes on my anxiety for the welfare of the priests of the place. If you have travelled in the interior of heathen lands in the out-of-rut districts you know what these words mean ; if not, brush up your reading and think a little and you will find that anyone anywhere who represents conscientiously any kind of a good god is better than no one at all to calm the savage soul of man.

And, then, when you come to think of the real Ambassadors of the one living and true God you will easily see what indispensable relations they bear to successful gathering of great masses of people into one place and to peaceful and progressive grouping and government of them in great cities. And you will also have a solution of the problem why preachers stand at inception points, and all along the line of such great improvements as make an acre of earth appreciate from a few cents to millions of dollars.

Not, as I elsewhere say, that this was their primal purpose, but in working out that purpose, the spiritual welfare of man, this incidental increment came to pass. For such is the fertility of the Gospel that it does indirectly and incidentally for the physical and circumstantial supplies of the people what all the other forces of the world combined could not accomplish. If you, therefore, are a rich real estate proprietor or exploiter you can see at a glance something of how very much these pioneers have done for you. You will likely never know fully what great things they have accomplished to promote your health, wealth, comfort, convenience and happiness. I feel certain if you could but know half they have done, and how hard life to them in their extreme old age has become for want of just what you can easily spare, and which unknown to you they have helped you to gain, you would come to their relief, and share with them sufficiently to ease up their condition. I cannot give you concrete cases except privately. These sufferers are so extremely sensitive that my conviction is they would die of hunger and cold rather than be bruited about on the wings of notoriety to public view.

I have sometimes been bewildered in trying to solve the secret of their extreme reticence delicacy

of feeling and sensitivity of nature in regard to their financial support. But at length I found it to be an intensely overweening desire to avoid casting even a shade of shame upon anyone connected with the great cause for which they have spent their valuable lives.

Truly, if any people on earth are worthy of deliverance these are they. They are so tenderly attached to the welfare of humanity that they are *ashamed to be ashamed* of their own financial children, even after they have reason to be so, and they are especially ashamed to be forsaken by their spiritual offspring. The wonder to me has often been that they have made no outcry through the press or in any other public manner, and they certainly have not employed me to make an outcry for them. I do that out of the clear knowledge of my head and deep sympathy of my heart, and I firmly believe the time has fully come to make a *Benevolent Specialty of their case*. Hospitals, colleges, universities, churches, missions, libraries and all kinds of charities have been helped to an unparalleled extent, but the weary, waiting heroes have been left sitting in the gloom of desperate destitution, neglected by almost all. Surely the fulness of time has come to make their *Emancipation a Specialty*. Truly, it is God's will

and He will most bountifully bless the man or woman who becomes the *special instrument in their deliverance*.

It will warm your heart to sing the following to the tune HANOVER:

Highest and best of the sons of the nation  
Rush to the rescue of man-building men,  
Shielding them strongly from bleak desolation  
Giving them succor again and again.

Brightest of blessings adorn in rare beauty  
Those who respond to this glorious call,  
Stars of the memory signalling duty  
Show by their shining such rise above all.

Unfailing stores sav'd the son and poor mother,  
Giving Elijah material care  
Far greater riches flow forth to the brother  
Saving the fathers as God's millionaire.

Mary and Martha remain ever glorious  
Through loving kindness to Jesus our Lord,  
Equal in splendor shall men shine victorious,  
Rescuing preachers who stand for His word.



# Beacon Search-Lights on Pioneers



## BEACON SEARCH-LIGHTS.

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### CHAPTER XIX.

Value of the Pioneers — Methodists to the Front — A Baseless Fear — Ample Ability — Defraud Pioneers — Emphasis on Love — Most Illustrious House — Starving Fathers and Methers — The Pioneer a Product — World Judging System by Productions — Worse than Sudden Shooting — A Tremendous Boomerang.

**T**HE pioneers have been, are and shall be the greatest benefactors of mankind.

Like Moses they have shown the might and majesty of law. Like Homer they have led the way to the charms of poetic life. Like Plato they have unfolded the realms of substantial thought. Like Columbus they have lifted the veil from shrouded worlds. Like Fremont they have been pathfinders to the golden mountains.

They are the Lions of God, the provisioners of men. Their sagacity, force and fortitude ensheen them in a halo of splendors peculiarly their own. Their ad-



vantage to humanity never can be told. Their words and deeds of duty never can be fully sung.

Among these heroes of humankind conspicuously stands the ever lengthening line of Methodist pioneers. Historians assure us no history of modern progress can be written without placing these preaching pathfinders in the foremost van, and giving them a large place in the progressions of the Centuries. Watts and Wesley worked together. Things have been going and the Methodists are goers. There is only one supreme secret and their pioneers have found it. There is only one final purpose and these pioneers are promoting it. This gives them first claim upon chief care, when retired in good standing as victors. Some think proper support of them would work against current and benevolent treasuries. This is gravest error. Church is greatest family, not only on earth but also in Universe. The whole fabric of Creation exists for the Church. She has the Almighty for Father, Jesus, the Omnipotent, for Elder Brother, the Holy Spirit for Illuminator.

Her members are in all parts of Heaven, Earth and Hades. Her votaries sparkle in the luxuriance of tropics, struggle in the man-building belts of temperate zones, shine on ice bound coasts where

Boreas emulates the splendors of the dawn. Her "sound goes out into all the earth and her words unto the ends of the world." Her possessions jewel every sea, her riches gem every continent. Five earthly, and we know not how many heavenly, pour treasures into her coffers.

Hers is the opulence of space, time and eternity. She reaches up her arms and claims sun, moon and stars. She pierces the gates of pearl, peers through vistas there, and claims the golden streets that empurple the crystal sea. She captures nature's giants, harnesses them to her burdens, and sends them on her errands. She realizes Creation as her heritage and the Creator as her Almoner.

Most ancient is her household.

The first human pair her progenitors. The brightest and bravest her genealogical line. The innocence of Abel, fidelity of Noah, faith of Abraham, splendors of Joseph, majesty of Moses, patience of Job, dignity of Deborah, bravery of David, and magnificence of Solomon are graven on the escutcheon of her adumbrating heraldry. But even these have been far outshone by the ever cumulative glories that break from her enriching God.

No titles of honor, no flights of oratory, no wings of poetry can ever expand over her surpassing

grandeur, nor give expression to her exhaustless opulence. Hers is "joy unspeakable and full of glory."

But while this most superb household revels in such far-reaching rapture, the illustrious members have ever asserted that the richest knowledge of these treasures, and also the ability to conceive and receive them, come through an old familiar guide called the Minister. Had it not been for him this royal family could never have known their title to "glory, honor, immortality and eternal life."

He was the instrumental force, the intellectual and the spiritual father who introduced them to their amplitude of heritage.

Here wisdom remembers that this noblest and richest of all families recruits itself from masses of observant people in the common world. Without such recruits it cannot continue. Anything, therefore, that repels recruits hinders success.

But what could repel recruits more than that old Minister, weary, worn, impoverished and sick, who has given his life to build up the family in its splendor; and now the family gives him up to die of anxiety, nervousness and semi-starvation for want of just a little of the abundance which he put them in the way to secure.

What repelling power such disgraceful scene as this must have upon observing people of the world, of whom the best new members of the family are re-born. Keep such men out by such unseemly spectacles, and you shut up the floods of benevolence that would flow into our current expense budgets and benevolent collection funds.

It begins already to appear that the surest way to supply the current benevolent treasuries, and the best way to keep them overflowing, is by first of all taking care of the old minister, who first of all took care of you. This will be seen more clearly with further unfolding facts.

This ancient, honorable, numerous and wealthy family is also highly ethical, moralistic and spiritual. Its professional mission is to teach the best to the worst. Good behavior of people it attributes to its influences under God.

It is sincerely respectful to education. It believes in culture of head, but more especially in culture of heart. It tells us "with the heart man believeth unto righteousness." Give us holy hearts and you give us holy men. It professes to be respectful to parents, to highly honor fathers and mothers. It claims that such honor is one of the conditions upon which they shall dwell long in the land which the

Lord their God giveth them. Above all things it professes to be a loving family. In fact it declares that though it had all other gifts and graces and were wanting in love it would be as nothing. It professes love is the fulfilling of the law, the great central propulsive power. The power that includes all other powers. The one essential element in the family life. The one motto emblazoned on the family arms. The *sine qua non* of genuine existence. And this doctrine of the Allness of Love has been becoming more and more characteristic of the proclamations of the family of late. It has been proclaiming recently that love is not only the greatest thing in the family but the "greatest thing in the world" as well, and so the leading members of the household have been passing by some of the other doctrines that once were prominent, such as punishment of sin, justice of Jehovah, and the retribitional functions of law. Love is said to be all nowadays. Love enthroned, only love, that is all.

Such are the most tender and kind proclamations of this most illustrious house. These proclamations are made by millions of members over all the land and nearly over all the earth. This being a family whose chief principle is love, a family who professes to be born by love, to live by love, to

conquer by love, and to be going to everlasting and omnipotent love, much love is expected of it. How does this profession of the supremacy of love comport with that poor, pallid, half-supported veteran, tottering in anguish of poverty, unable to help himself, because he spent all on the family, unable to secure the sufficient help of others without immodesty and indecency of endeavor — an endeavor which his delicate sensitiveness of soul will not permit him to put forth. Mark you that is the man who a few short years ago was the admired orator, the trusted, bepraised and beloved pastor. That is the man who stood up with the energy and courage of a lion and delivered many from sin — suffering — poverty — shame, and gave them such principles and powers to live by as have made them wise, wealthy and healthy.

That is the man who was so generous, so self-forgetting, so loving, so true, so like his Master, that he gave up all for the well-being of this grand wonderously loving family and worked heaven and earth for the progress and welfare of this rich, illustrious House and he is still a member of the Family. He has been true all the way and done everything to honor, aid and enrich his brothers and sisters and has never said or done anything to dis-

grace them. What then the trouble? Why is he forsaken, poor, hungry, shabby in his clothing and straitened in his circumstances? What has he done to merit this? Nothing, only he is just worn out working for his marvelously loving Family.

His hand trembles, his nervous system is broken, his heart crushed by the burdens he has borne. His eye is dimmed by the work it has done, his natural force abated, his face ploughed with long furrows of care, or matted with wrinkles woven by perplexing duties performed for this grand tremendously loving Family.

His voice trembles and the only fault the venerable pioneer has committed, is he has passed the three-score-and-tenth milestone and now is not expected to be of any service; and the insufficient pittance of 30 cents a day is assigned him to keep him from the poor house by this rich, supremely loving Family.

Let us now revert to the question: What effect would taking proper care of the old ministers and their widows have upon other collections? What effect has such a pitiable spectacle as this upon the millions of spectators who are studying the actions of the Church; and making analytic comparisons between what is said and what is done.

Such a wretched spectacle of neglected worth and impoverished and ruined grandeur is looked upon with nauseating disdain by decent, natural people.

They truthfully enough say, heathens take better care of fathers and mothers than the Church.

The Chinese, the Budhists, the Brahmans, the Shintoists and even the Mohammedans (comparatively speaking) make better provisions for their fathers and mothers that have led them on in darkness to poverty and despair, than the Church of the living God makes for fathers and mothers in Israel who have led her members on from grace to grace, from light to light, from riches unto riches, and from glory unto glory.

Ah! the shame of it! Oh, the pity of it. The burning horror of it. It makes a sensitive soul ashamed to look on such sight and say, "I'm a Christian."

Ah, surely time has fully come to wipe out this more than bloody stain. It would be more merciful to plunge a delivering dagger through the worn out preacher's heart, or send a bullet crashing through his venerable brain, than to prolong his life in such tantalizing torture.

Oh, the cold cruelty of selfish thoughtlessness and of self-complaisant serenity.



Jingoism and snobbery in Methodism can never take the place of practical, faithful and ample support of our worthy superannuated Heroes.

It is common to hear people say : "Yes, it is a worthy cause, they ought to be taken better care of," etc. These are empty, unmeaning euphemisms we hear on every side. But appreciative twaddle like that is good for nothing, when unbacked by deeds that mean mercy and justice. The neglect therefore of the veterans has a most unhappy and unhealthy effect upon all our other benevolences. It shuts up the springs of supplies and sends kind-hearted people to the Lodges.

It is not only a disgrace, but it is a serious and increasing detriment to the whole Church.

The Church is built up out of humanity. Human-beings judge of the value of any system by the fruits. If Methodism induces sadness, poverty and distress upon its self-sacrificing ministers who ought, of all men, to be the best products of the systems, what will it do for its members? Onlookers ask such questions. And what will become of those members who permit such bloodless tragedy?

These are the questions many men are asking who take care of their aged comrades in the Lodges, nurse their sick and bury their dead.

They can [in the presence of such cruelty as turns out the wearied and worn minister to suffer in poverty and to die in disgrace] afford to point the finger of scorn at the Church, and say, we may not make such lofty professions about the importance of love, but we venerate love and support the worn out members of our order, even though they may not have been our ministers, nor of any great value to us.

Here is one of the reasons why many men become members of the Lodge until there is a dearth of men in the Churches. Can it not be seen that in proportion as by our penurious treatment of our most Christ-like Ministers (and these are the ones that usually come to old age without a dollar because they have been spending all for others), we drive men of kind hearts and generous impulses out of the church into the clubs and Lodges. In exact proportion as we do so we damage the current support and benevolences. When a Church is filled with men there is no want of support of all the benevolences. But when it is given up to a sprinkling of women and children, with here and there a man, then the struggle to support the Church and work up the benevolences in proper shape is terrific and seldom triumphant.

There is nothing that the New England Confer-

ence can do that would tend to bring up the several collections to a splendid standard, more than to fling the banner to the breeze for a quarter of a million for the aged warriors.



## CHAPTER XX.

God has Spoken — The Law of Compensation According to Works — Should the Veteran Preacher Be An Exception — A Fearful Fact and Dreadful State — A Foul Stain — A Huge Octopus — Handicapped — No Greater Outrage — Best Men Most Sacrificed — Justice Must Follow — Pioneer Property In Other Pockets — Twenty-two and Thirty-two — They Did Not Dare — Died of Hunger and a Broken Heart — A Righteous Resolve — Recklessness and Wreckage — An Open Sore — Plainsman and Preacher — Homes Different — Harshness That Hurts — A Flaming Denunciation — Strikes and Pioneers — They Can Die But Not Murmur — An Appeal — It Would Have Fine Effect Upon Current Expense Supplies — It Would Have Excellent Influence Upon Benevolent Enterprises and This From The Divine Stand-point.

**B**UT this subject must be considered from the divine view point. God is the great authority and he has spoken in the history of his proceedings. In all his spiritual processes he works *for* people *by* people. Those consecrated to the service of the people he has ordered supported by the people. The tribe of Levi was set apart by His Command for the service of Israel.

. Leviticus, 27 c., 30 v., proves the other tribes

were to pay a tenth of their income for the maintenance of this one tribe.

"And all the tithe of the land, whether of the seed of the land or of the fruit of the land, is the Lord's; it is holy unto the Lord." Verse 32: "And concerning the tithe of the herd or of the flock even of whatsoever passeth under the rod; the tenth shall be holy unto the Lord."

Numbers, 18 chap. and 21st verse, proves that this tenth was for the Levites (Ministers). "And behold I have given the children of Levi all the tenth in Israel for an inheritance for their service which they serve even the service of the Tabernacle of the Congregation." Besides this the ministers were furnished with fine parsonages. They were not cooped up in back streets nor in mean shacks. They were given forty-eight cities with their beautiful suburbs. This is shown by Numbers, 35 chapter, verse 2, 3, 4, "Command the children of Israel that they give unto the Levites of the inheritance of their possession cities to dwell in, and ye shall give unto the Levites suburbs for the cities round about them. And the cities they shall have to dwell in, and the suburbs of them shall be for their cattle, for their goods and for all their beasts." In addition to this the people were

commanded to give a second tenth of their increase to charitable purposes. The first tenth was for the Tabernacle; the second tenth for the poor. This see by Deuteronomy, 14 chapter, verses 28 and 29, "Thou shalt bring forth the tithe of thine increase and shalt lay it up within thy gates, and the stranger and the fatherless and the widow which are within thy gates shall come and shall eat and be satisfied, that the Lord thy God may bless thee in all the work of the land which thou doest." This was twenty per cent or a fifth of their earnings they were told to give. Ah! you say they could never prosper under such exactions. But history demonstrates this was the only way they could prosper. When faithful in giving their tenth to the Tabernacle and their tenth to the poor, *they prospered exceedingly* and had dominion over all their enemies. When they turned away from the command and became churlish, selfish, penurious and disobedient they became impoverished and fled into the caves to hide from the border robbers that consumed them and their substance.

You say times are changed—yes: but the laws of this universe never change. The law still is, "Give and it shall be given you good measure, pressed

down, shaken together and running over." These words are from the infallible lips of Jesus. He illustrated them in his most glorious life. He gave all and received all. He told his disciples as they went to preach to "provide neither gold nor silver, nor brass in their purses, nor scrip for their journey, neither two coats, neither shoes nor yet staves, for the workman is worthy of his meat" (support by the people). Matt. 10, c. 9, 10.

What has this to do with retired preachers?—Everything.

If these commands of the old Testament and of the new were carried into practice there could be no slow second martyrdom for worn out preachers. Having borne the cross through life they could wave the palm in latest years.

There is a fine philosophy, a divine, most benevolent motive that impels our Heavenly Provider to call upon us to such giving. That motive at heart is to lift us up out of sordid selfishness, and make us like Himself in grandest generosity. He in his love wants us to learn by actual practice, that the more we give the more we live, and the more we live the more we love, and the more we love the happier we will be, and the happier we become the more useful we grow, and the more useful we grow the

more gloriously we expand, and the more gloriously we expand the more likeness to Himself we attain, and the more likeness to Himself we attain, the more closely we are united to Him, and the more closely we are united to Him the more magnificent our nature, mission, rapture and glory forever and ever.

Look at the exactions of God in the light of these truths, and you will see that his financial commands are all for your highest development in most royal beauty. Obedience to them is to so transform you that you shall be fit to shine in translucent splendor with kings and queens, in all the superb felicity of immortality. And all these foremost truths God teaches the searcher by His Holy Word.

The God who has shown us that he who ministereth at the altar shall live of the altar says nothing about ceasing to live from the altar when the ministrant is worn with service, weary with age, or broken by sickness. Indeed, he should live more of the altar then than at any other time. Moreover, God has embedded the *law of continued compensation throughout all his works*. Does the ploughman rip up the bosom of the earth and sow the seed? The law of compensation rewards him with a harvest more especially in old age.

Does the gardener plant with trees and vines and



flowers? The law of compensation yields him in maturing time rich fruitage and florescence. Does the master manufacturer, or the capable merchant, or the ardent professional pursue with intelligent concentrated zeal their several callings? This same law running through all things rewards them according to their works, and that in their old age when they most need it.

Physician, lawyer, inventor, statesman, merchant, husbandman, all are compensated late in life for their labors early in life. How and why is this? Has God one law for the laity by which they shall be amply compensated in old age, and another law for the Clergy by which they shall be neglected and starved in old age? There is no evidence of any such unjust and partialistic law in either the works or words of God. In fact, the evidence in the word and in the works is that "God is no respecter of persons," and, therefore, the man who capably pursues a calling till the infirmities of many years and the wear and tear of multiplied labors lay him aside should then especially reap the results of his labors.

Such is the fact in the whole range of the industrial realm from the plebeian who wields a hoe to the industrial sovereign who sways a scepter.

And yet this man, the preacher who has been

working for souls, the most valuable beings, is left to go uncompensated, impoverished and forsaken by these very souls he has elevated into an exalted and noble condition. "Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon" lest the uncircumcised triumph and say that the world is more compensative and true to those who cultivate it than the Church, and that heathen heart is better than Christian soul. That spindles, spades, mechanism, machinery, industrialism, trade, commerce, and work of all secular sorts are more faithful to those who practice them than are immortal, living, loving souls to those who love them, labor for them, and save them by lives of incessant self-sacrifice and intense, persistent labor. Can it be possible? Is such a state of things thinkable? Thinkable or unthinkable the facts are before us; we cannot deny what we see.

With deeply violated feelings we must confess to the horrible fact that about the only class of men who go down through old age to the grave unrewarded for colossal and most valuable labors are the Clergy, and more particularly the Methodist Episcopal Clergy. The Wesleyans, the Episcopalians, the Roman Catholics (every Catholic clergyman has his pay continued in full at 90 as at 40) take much

better care of their aged ministers than the Methodist Episcopalians.

This foul stain has hurt, is hurting, and will hurt us if not removed at once. It is the one cancer eating at the very vitals of the Church — it is devouring the practical love that constitutes the very heart of pure and undefiled religion. The cultivation of this abnormal cruelty to the retired Ministers is unfitting the Church to be sympathetic and true to its active ministers. Neglect to provide properly for the worn-out men and women is an object lesson in cold selfishness that spreads its tentacles like a huge octopus to all the interests of the Church, and drags them down together. The Missionary Society is damaged by it.

The Church Extension, the Freedman's Aid, the Sunday-School, the Bible and all the other benevolences of the church are depleted and handicapped by permission of a heartlessness so chilling, an inhumanity so atrocious and a barbarity so base, that there is nothing like it tolerated in heathendom.

Satan has gotten in upon the church at this point and he will ride us down to doom, along that line unless we dislodge him. If he can get the old warriors who have fought the hard fights, and won the great victories, badly treated, impoverished and dishonored

till they expire in spasms of wonder at the ingratitude and unnatural neglect and stony heartedness of their own spiritual children, a great victory will be gained for the infernal hosts of whom he is commander. An outrage on God's best heroes will be followed by delinquency and disaster along the whole line.

And what greater outrage could be committed upon them, than after having gotten all greatness and goodness that was in them for half a century, than to turn them out like worn out animals without proper food, shelter or clothing, to die as soon as possible?

The God of pity, love and mercy will not forget such treatment of His most magnanimous messengers, and mark well, it is the ministers who have least of this world's goods that as a rule have been and are the most self-obliterating, the most zealous for the church, the most ardent for the glory of God, the most closely related to the person and spirit of the Almighty because they gave up all for God as He gives down all to us. And do you suppose that same Almighty whom these most worthy heroes have so served will not feel the insult as offered to Himself and will he not visit for such iniquity as this?

There can be no doubt of it—sin shall not go unpunished and especially sanctimonious sacrilegious.

sin, and the sin against worn out preachers is such sin. Those pale and hollow cheeks that gaunt cadaverous frame, those deep ploughed furrows of his face, betraying a half-crushed and bleeding heart that for years he has been bearing, will all rise up to heaven and call for justice. Not that he desires punitive justice, but that vengeance must follow sin whether he desires it or not.

And sin is being committed against him every hour. The comforts he has earned are snatched from him because he is easy, gentle, good and kind. The money he has earned is in other people's pockets. The comforts he has worked for are in other people's houses, the people that are in debt to him are in every city, town, church and community where he has preached. They are all in debt to him who have not, and do not do their duty toward his support. If he only had what he has worked for, and what they owe, he would be well enough off. But in the discharge of his duty he did not seek theirs but them. He did not try to save the fleece for himself : but the flock for God and now, strange to say, those he helped most ignore him worst.

Strange streak in human nature that it will kick the friend that feeds it, when the time comes that he can feed it no longer. Such is the ingratitude of

the natural man, but thank God not of the spiritual. There are members of the church in whom the spiritual reigns to such an extent that they do help to provide sufficiently for the veterans but there are too few of them. We need them multiplied by three. We believe the multiplication will come by presentation of facts.

We do not believe severe treatment of God's heroes is by malicious design, we have the best people on earth ; it is for want of truth ; where truth is not known, there is no conviction and where there is no conviction there can be no stirring sense of obligation. The sense of obligation needs to be so deep and propulsive that it leads to active deliverance. If not it is only shoddy that grows sham, and sham shame, and shame insanity, and insanity doom.

It is evident therefore, that great evil may come upon the church from maltreating the Lord's anointed, and doing his prophets harm, evil to us personally and evil to the entire circle of interests of the church, but it is equally evident that unutterable good shall come from heaven to the ministry and members of that church that provides bountifully for the worn warriors of God.

The churl Nabal did not do it and he was killed by selfishness. The generous Abigail did do it and

she became a queen by generosity. There is probably no surer way of securing at this time, a great blessing for the church in all its enterprises, than providing a reasonable allowance for the disabled ministers.

The times are peculiarly ripe for this just now. We have taken up over twenty-one million for church debts and educational institutions, missions, etc., and the church and country are fuller of money than ever. There never was so much money in any country as there is in ours, and now surely the time for delivering our aged ministry has come. We do not want to make them wealthy for this life, we only want to take the ragged edge off their pangs and make them comfortable.

Twenty-two men and thirty-two women received from our Conference last year, an average of 30½ cents per day. Think of it, fifty-four of the best heroes and heroines in Massachusetts trying to live on 30 cents a day. It would barely secure them decent dinners, and yet that is what they have for breakfast, dinner, supper, clothing, house-rent, light, fuel, washing, car-fare, medicine, and all other incidental necessary expenses of these expensive times. We surely are not satisfied to spend several dollars a day on ourselves, and unwilling to help these dear

people, once so popular, so bright, so useful, and yet so singularly situated, that they did not dare save enough to keep them now, lest then they might be thought money-loving and so disgrace and discourage the cause of the church they so dearly loved.

You surely are willing to put in a big subscription to secure for these most worthy sufferers, one dollar per day on the average, to live upon through all generations as they come and go.

If we raise a quarter of a million of dollars we will be able to add enough to the thirty cents to make it a dollar a day. This at this time is surely the very least we should think of.

For want of provision of this kind many good and great men have fallen broken-hearted before their time, and many are falling now and shall fall if we fail to do our duty.

When pastor of Central Church, Newark, N. J., one of these self-sacrificing superannuated men, came and said he was unable to live on the Conference allowance, he requested a certain sum which was gladly granted him. He went away happy and hopeful, but before he could stay the tide of ebbing life by means of what was given him, he died on the streets on his homeward way, a martyr to the gradual grind of mental agony and physical starvation.



As I looked at that saddest scene, as I remembered what that Hero-Martyr had done, the mighty transforming sermons he had preached, the glory-bringing prayers he had presented, the interest and inspiration he had brought to the Church of God, I concluded that if ever the opportunity should come when I could help the worn-out warriors I would try to help them, not in any puny, paltry style, but in a large, liberal, manly way. A way which, if not commensurate with what they have done for us, would at least show that we heartily appreciate what they have done. That time has come and so I am earnestly asking and persistently pleading that God will inspire the hearts of his people to deliver these wasting pioneers from the deep poverty and dire distress into which they have been plunged for our sakes.

The case above referred to is only a specimen of hundreds who, in like manner, are driven by bands of affliction and iron to physical wreckage and the gloom of an untimely grave. Dare we deny such sordid cruelty is detrimental to all the people we represent. "If one member suffers all members suffer." But should we turn round and abandon this dangerous disregard and take good care of our worthy retired men and women, such care would.

cover all our other benevolences with a halo of glory. The foul blot would be wiped out forever. The world would respect the Church for the manner in which she honors her spiritual Fathers and Mothers.

It would come near to us, abandon its special Secret Societies, and become disposed to be transformed from the world "by the renewing of mind." The sad condition of the worn-out preachers is the open sore of our Church, and especially in Massachusetts and other eastern states.

When the pioneer of the cross marched with the pioneer of the plough these hardy men of steel and iron worked, suffered, and triumphed together. The plainsman was the cultivator of the soil, the preacher was the cultivator of the soul, and they moved with equal steps happy to perform their iron task. They were both strong, strange characters. The frontiersman civilized the wilderness, and the preacher christianized the frontiersman, and so long as the one had something the other need not be in want. But now and especially in the East customs are changed. The people have progressed from the raw, rough and ready condition to a civic self-contained exclusive state. The preacher does not enjoy an open, hearty home everywhere as of old.

The people are much better off financially than

they were, and they want to be alone, to enjoy their luxuries that they think they have earned, and they in most instances, alas, forget the ministers who gave them the kind of character through the peace of God, and of preaching that enabled them to earn fortunes, and so the exhausted and infirm old pioneer finds himself without enough of genuine friends just at that time of life when he needs them most. Uninformed Churchmen and philanthropists excuse themselves by saying, "we give to the worn-out preachers' collection every year and that is enough," and it would be enough if it were about three times the amount it is. But it is not three times the amount it is, and so we must have a supplementary Permanent Fund or leave the best men and women to suffer the pangs of poverty and hunger, but we must take the penalty of their pangs. Read what the Apostle James says :

"Go to now, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you, your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth eaten, your gold and silver is cankered, and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have heaped together treasure for the last days. Behold the *hire of the laborers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by*

*fraud crieth, and the cries of them that have reaped are entered onto the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth. Ye have lived in pleasure on the Earth and been wanton. Ye have nourished your hearts as in the day of slaughter. Ye have condemned and killed the just and he doth not rebel against you.— Chap. v. Vers. 1 to 6.*

Such is the fearful denunciation of James against the rich men of his time who fraudulently kept for themselves the workman's proper compensation. Their conduct then was so avaricious, selfish, neglectful and cruel that they killed by their harshness the quiet, submissive, just man who was too gentle and kind to rebel against them. This is a picture of the retired preacher in these days. Other workmen rebel when they are harshly treated. The coal miners have rebelled, the mill workers have rebelled, railroad operators have rebelled, the butchers, and in fact most classes of laborers rebel when even imaginary oppression is forced upon them. Hence the strikes in various parts of the land. But who ever heard of a strike among the ministers of the Gospel? Considering the amount of time and money spent in preparation, and of talent and labor required, they are on the average poorest paid of all and yet they have no Labor Union, or even a

worn-out preachers' protective association. The facts are the preachers, as a rule, work on uncomplainingly, while they are able, sixteen hours a day; when disabled they retire in silence and as "men of sorrow and acquainted with grief." They love the Church and their Master so deeply, they would not disfigure either with complaint.

They can suffer, they can die, but they cannot cringe, whimper and complain. If they want any thing, unless you are a trusted friend, you would not know it. If they were hungry they would not tell you. Having faithfully pursued their course they are determined to be loyal to the discipline of tribulation till the end.

That end is often hastened by the unspoken afflictions, that in their broken and sensitive old age they are called upon to endure. But unless you were in the inside circle you would never suspect it, and hence the words of St. James are yet true, "ye have condemned and killed the just and *He doth not resist you.*" Oh ye men and women that have money to spare, ye who have means in abundance, how can you rest, how can you enjoy your comforts and luxuries while you know there are fifty-four men and women in the New England Conference who have lived to benefit mankind, who with sinking hearts

and uplifted prayers are enduring the pangs of poverty that you have power to relieve. And aside from the facts that your relief of them would greatly help, and not hinder the other benevolences, as well as the subscriptions for current expenses. And aside also from the fact that such rescue as you can give would beautifully accord with the well-known laws of God, there are still other considerations which at this particular time should impress upon you the necessity of giving relief at once. These are reserved for next chapter.



## CHAPTER XXI.

Patriotic Pageantry—Pathetic Scenes—Libby and Andersonville—  
Greatest Warriors on Earth—Their Work Recognized—Their  
Support Ignored—The New Libbys—A Powerful Proclama-  
tion—Contrasts in Treatment of Secular and Sacred Soldiers—  
Governmental Justice—Representations of Grand Army of  
Republic—Representations of Grand Army of God—The One  
Supreme Secret—A Superb Solution—A Criticism Answered  
—The Time is Ripe—By What Standard of Morality?—Par-  
ricidal and Suicidal—Filial Loving Kindness—Proof of Vi-  
tality — A City in Flames — Trojan Hero—Saving Sire—  
Rhyme with a Reason.

**T**HE Grand Army of the Republic had its thirty-  
eighth National parade. Boston donned her  
best in honor of the veterans. One hundred and  
twenty-five thousand dollars were spent in decora-  
tive scenes. Thirty-five thousand lights turned the  
people's park into a glow of variegated glory. Trees  
looked like silent sentinels lifting long lines of fire  
toward the sky. Chariots of flame swept round the  
square. Sun, moon and stars were forgotten.

Flowers flushed in beauty as they symbolized the  
sons and daughters of the veterans, here with cross  
and anchor, there with heart and badge, here with  
five-pointed star, and there with eagle guarding guns.

Lakelets from peaceful bosoms reflected emerald, carnation, and turquoise splendors. Soldiers' monument enwreathed in light, breathed touching memories of Boston's slain, that they might the better speak to present and coming generations. Streets streamed with patriots charmed with the grandeur of the brilliant scene. Miles covered with a million extra people, made one feel as if the world had deputized its citizens to charm the living and honor the dead.

Lips of orators were unsealed, strains of music floated on the air.

Men deeply felt, women softly wept, as patriotic millions joined to admire the good work veterans had done. As the armless sleeve appeared, and the limbless warriors hobbled by, many a heart was strangely sweetened, many an eye grew moist with tears, and many a voice stifled with emotion left unuttered gratitude within.

Sailors marched to martial strains in triumph from the sea, and gray-haired sires in exultance from the land. But when the men from Andersonville and Libby prisons appeared, the great crowd broke, and huzzas of welcome rose like the roar of Niagara or the solemn thunder of the sky. Tears trickled down many a manly face, and many a



bosom heaved like an ocean in a storm. Nor could this be passing strange, because for us they were dismembered, captured, imprisoned and all but slain.

This impressed the feeling of men of many climes and colors, and may not we join them to give the passing tribute of a grateful tear?

But this pathetic pageantry reminded one at least of other prisoners, over whom but few men weep, because few men know. Other heroes not there that day. Heroes who fought in the world's greatest war for more than forty years, fought against more persistent and fouler foes than those of the mistaken South. They fought against the greatest enemies of God and men, against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places, against the experienced arch enemy of this universe, backed by all his legions hurling darts of fire. They put on the whole armour of God that they might stand in the evil day.

They battled having loins girt about with truth, having breast plate of righteousness firmly on, having feet shod with preparation of the gospel of peace, having shield of faith before them swung, having helmet of salvation in place, having the sword of the spirit in relentless grasp, and offering up im-

ploring prayers to Heaven, these unheralded heroes, these unsung veterans, did most valiant service for their country and their kind. Nor did they desert, go home on parole or furlough, but for all the years of their effective lives stood the stress and strain of the Holy war, often daily wounded in the fray, and no man can tell what this glorious land would be without their service on the field.

It might be filled with chaos, anarchy, blood, desolation, death. It certainly could not have become the greatest, richest, best, most progressive and powerful on earth. Lincoln, McKinley, Roosevelt, and all other sagacious statesmen affirm this. And well they may, for every country from unrecorded time has found that without the guiding, searching instructions and inspirations of religion, it is impossible to construct or maintain a state. From Cyrus of Persia to William of England, all capable rulers everywhere acknowledge this.

Therefore on memorial day when civic soldiers are so fittingly honored, the mind reverts to the spiritual soldiers who have made the work of the civic combatants effective, in making this "land of the free" and sustaining this "home of the brave."

But in doing so some of the spiritual warriors too have been wounded. They have been captured in

war, they have been laid aside by age, by wear, tear and exhaustion, and piteous it is to tell, that some of them to the number of two thousand three hundred and twenty-three in our division of the army lie at this moment in prisons of impoverishment throughout the land. They are in the Andersonvilles and Libbys of distress. They have been there for years and they will pine away, and die of heart break and hunger if something is not done now to deliver them. Truly it is no wonder Bishops in their late message to the Cosmopolitan Council issued the proclamation at Los Angeles : "By all means let permanent funds be secured as rapidly as possible." It is as if they said—"we know the situation, our best friends are in prison, they are dying for want of supplies, hasten to their rescue before it is too late, come to their deliverance before they die."

Surely the Church of the God of all supplies cannot resist such pleading from such source on behalf of the best men that ever walked the earth.

And there are some further facts about the nation's care for the Grand Army of the Republic that may help to compliance with this humane Episcopal request.

1. Every soldier disabled in war is given a pension even though he may not be so far disabled as to be:

laid aside. There are many members of the Grand Army of the Republic who have been in successful business for years, and yet draw their pensions. We do not make this claim for the veterans of the Grand Army of Methodism. If after they are located, they are able to conduct a trade or enterprise, with sufficient ability to support themselves and families we do not ask help for them, and as a rule they do not care to be helped, so that you can perceive the generosity of the government surpasses anything we claim from the generosity of the Church toward its retired champions.

2. Then again if the soldier of the state has been so badly wounded as to be entirely laid aside from business trade or work, the government increases his pension in proportion to his disablement, and in many cases his pay is in excess of his actual living expenses. In this the government is again more generous than we for we never contemplate securing for any of our pioneers, however worthy or wounded, more than is absolutely needed to make them fairly comfortable. That is the maximum we ask for any worn-out preacher.

3. Once more, if a soldier has been an officer in high rank who has consequently been accustomed to a stately standard of living in all governments at

home and abroad, this fact is taken into consideration, and the officer compensated accordingly. Here again the secular government goes in liberality beyond our ideal for our men of exalted standard. If we have men who have been in the habit of taking high rank among us, and been accorded a munificent support on account of superb abilities, and they have appreciated the importance of living well to secure strength for the discharge of their arduous duties, and the time comes that such men by infirmities or age are no longer effective, we do not propose to pamper them as in the days of their glory and strength the churches did.

Even though venerable, brave and worthy, we simply in practice say to them, you have come to a stage in your life where you must "know how to be abased as well as to abound." And so no matter how high the preacher's rank may have been while in the heat of the battle, when he is once no longer efficient, he has to share alike with his necessitous brethren, although in some special cases, where evidently vast responsibilities must be met, a little larger allowance is granted. Thus then it is clear that although we have the heroes who have done more valuable service to the country than any other men, and although they have done it fully and faithfully

not for few but many years, and though they have been eminent in elegance of living and rank among their brethren, yet, when they come to the last stage of the journey in superannuation, they are not treated with anything like the munificence with which the secular government treats its retired officers. Albeit few retired officers are so sensitive, refined, and possessed of so many qualities of the genuine gentleman as the average retired preacher.

The service and mission of the *Spiritual Soldier* is as high above that of the earthly soldier as the heavens are above the earth.

Let us look and see whether facts agree with this statement.

And the passing of the Grand Army of the Republic in the line of march through Boston will furnish illustration. As the veterans of Illinois, Ohio and Indiana marched so proudly by, one could not but think of the vast rich lands of the middle west they represented. But the preacher veterans represent still wider and richer realms. Realms with which the prairie states cannot compare, regions of immortal productivity. As the heroes from New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania came marching on, thinkers reflected upon the mining, commercial and architectural interests they brought

afresh to mind, but the heroic preachers bring before the view the sparkling jewels from the mines of Holy truth, the intercourse of angels, saints and men, and the surpassing splendors of the eternal mansions, whose turrets rift the mystic clouds before the eyes of faith.

As the soldiers from California, Colorado, Nebraska, Montana swept by, they brought to memory pacific slopes and majestic mountains of the golden west, bathed in the ruddy grandeur of the setting sun, but as the cohorts of Christ pass on they bring to view a realm so resplendent in magnificence that it needs no sun, nor moon, nor star, for the Lord God himself is the light thereof. His all-glorious love is so bright there is "no night there."

As the men of Maryland, Mississippi and Florida passed, they represented the palmetto palms, cotton glades, and delicious fruits. But as the champions of the cross press on they unfold the palms of victory over sin, suffering and death, and the ever-glades of mercy where the soul is sheened in "robes made white in the blood of the Lamb," and where the fruits are the essentials of all resplendent life, rich clusters, of "love, joy, peace, gentleness, goodness, meekness, temperance, faith and charity."

As the warriors of New England brought up the

rear they represented verdant mountains and valleys of Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine, the petite and pretty scenery of Massachusetts, the ever inventive brains and weaving looms of pilgrim progeny. But as the warriors of God come on they portray the mountainous grandeur of everlasting happiness, the glories that grow in the valleys of humility, the unequalled scenery of immortality, and the significance of the mighty looms of this universe through which one ever weaving purposes runs; surpassing splendors of the suns. They show that material, mental, moral, spiritual forces are working under the unerring majesty of one Almighty Mind, that that Mind never veers an hairsbreadth, but is working with the energy of omnipotence, the powers of Heaven, Earth and Hades to redeem, educate, evangelize and enthrone sons and daughters of men on the Supreme throne so that He may delight in them and theirs and they in Him and His forever. This is the program the pioneer of heaven has to preach. Is not this commission as high above any earthly commission as heaven is above the earth?

The commission of the preacher, therefore, surpasses in proportion, in purpose and in result every other commission. In fact it is the one superlative proposition of all existence—material, angelic, human,



or divine, and if people in sufficient numbers can be brought to realize what this means in relation to them and theirs, there will be no more difficulty about securing support of the retired preachers or for any other preacher than there will be about causing the sea twice a day to take Boston in her arms.

It may, by some, be said, that preachers are not fearless and brave as other soldiers are and we are told to look at the blood stained flag that Sergeant Plunkett grasped and held between his stumps after his hands were shot away.

All honor to Plunkett for that heroic act ; but we know Methodist preachers who daily make their wounded hearts the sheath for the flag-staff of Salvation to rest in, when every swing of the colors as they bear it up the battle hills, causes their heart wounds to bleed again. And this they have done for scores of years and will do till they hear breaking from the clouds the welcome plaudit "well done !"

The time has come to recognize in a substantial and established way the merits of our men and their mission. Writers have written one hundred and eighty-five books on the propriety of pensioning the worthy aged of the Army. The list of these books can be found in Boston Library, but not one could be found there on the propriety of pensioning these

soldiers of the higher class, the soldiers of Almighty love.

The time has truly come to write and speak. The United States' incapacitated officers, whether army or marine, are retired on half pay. Wounded, maimed and invalid privates are pensioned in proportion to degree of disability. Mothers, sisters, brothers and wives who have been dependent upon the pensioned veteran are themselves pensioned when he is dead. And this is all reasonable and right and according to standard morality. And God is blessing the land on account of it.

But by *what standard of morality* are we permitted to withhold the payment of a debt which is the price of life-long self-sacrifices and self-surrenderings? A debt that in many cases is doubly and trebly due.

Is it not parricidal as well as suicidal ingratitude to refuse to reward them in a manner corresponding with the benefits they have conferred upon us; with their labors for us and with the dignity of the Church for which they have labored? The justice and generosity of the Church cannot be sacrificed to petty pique or ungrateful greed.

The greatest robbery we can commit against the Church is sacrilege; and refusal to provision in old age the retired minister is sacrilege. It is theft

against God's annointed and therefore theft against God Himself. Whatever we may say, think or do about it, He treats it as such and declares so in His word and works. There is no more admirable charm in either human or divine nature than filial loving kindness. It has travelled down the ages like a stately star admired by all, condemned by none. Care of the fathers has been the one watch-word of the best men of all nations.

As soon as the kingdom even of Solomon ignored them it fell to fragments under the weight of its own factions. A people's care of their fathers is proof of vitality, while neglect of them is evidence of decay. It was when Egypt, Persia, Greece and Rome turned from honoring and supporting in becoming manner the virtuous fathers, that degeneracy set in, then declension, then disruption and finally dispersion before the foes. "Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee" is more in force now than when it broke forth from the thunder-tread of Jehovah when he came down on Sinai to deliver it to Moses. This one bond has held the Chinese nation together for three thousand years.

Retired ministers are more than physical sires, they are spiritual fathers. Almost everything that lifts

above the merest physical life, has come to us by them. And God delights to have us honor them, in a way that means provision for them, and comfort to them. There is no more touching scene in all classic story than that of Æneas, the Trojan champion, rescuing his father. Greeks after a ten years' war had not taken Troy. What they could not do by valor they did by trickery. They pretended to depart, but only sailed to the shades of Tenedos and left behind a great wooden horse filled with armed men. The deluded Trojans, led by a perfidious spy, made a breach in the walls, and drew the huge creation into the city. Beneath the dark drapery of the night, the Greeks returned from the ships and armed warriors debouched from the horse and put the city to the sword. The venerable Priam was slain in his son's blood, streets deluged with gore, fires flew on wings of wind from palace to palace till the city was wrapped in flame.

It was then that the gallant hero who had been matched in arms with the redoubtable Achilles—the superior of Paris and of Hector—the one man alone who could have saved Troy had not the gods doomed it to perish—It was then that Æneas, rushing hither and thither to resist the Greeks and quench the flames, was urged to flee for safety himself.

But this the illustrious chieftain would not do. He

fought his way to his home where his venerable father Anchises was drinking in despair. Hastening he cast a lion's hide over his shoulders and placing his father thereon, grasping his boy Ascanius by the hand and bidding Creusa, his wife, closely follow, he sped from his palace through the dark places, unlit by the flames, gained a breach in the walls and bore his father to the mountains. During many dangers, by land and sea, that father counselled his mighty son and at length when counsel was no longer needed, departed to the shades. The filial Æneas wept for him and said : "Thou best of fathers now must leave me, spent with many toils. This is the greatest grief of all."

But the result of such filial love and care did not forsake him. Those noble traits, that parental gratitude and filial fidelity always cause to bloom in beauty in human life bloomed in his. It was this that made him such a hero in the eyes of Queen Dido of Carthage. It was this that made him the easy master of the tribes of Latium.

While on the banks of Tiber he built the foundations of the greatest nation the ancient world had known, the mighty Italy. Illustrious Romans looked with pride on the hero who bore his father on his shoulders from the doomed city as their own magnificent and ideal founder.

We have our own spiritual founders. They are in the flames of tribulation and poverty. They are being pressed hard by the perfidious Greeks of Greed, Shall we skulk away and leave them to their fate—not if we have as good a heart as had this Trojan who never knew the Gospel.

Thou, son of Troy, teach us, with joy  
Our Fathers to bear from flaming care,  
Heroes grown old, not saving gold,  
But in the strife, giving us life.  
That life they gave o'er sin and grave,  
Which makes us strong, passing along  
From grace to grace, toward God's face.  
Then lend a hand, to this brave band,  
Who, not for self, nor passing pelf,  
But just for thee, that thou might'st see  
Truths that inspire with Holy Fire  
And lead thee near Him you revere,  
Bright with this love in lands above.  
Ah, who can go and never sow  
Some seedlings sweet in hearts we meet  
Now ag'd and worn by battle torn  
For world of sin to gather in  
Some straying sheep from snow and sleet,  
To the true fold and give them hold  
Of light divine that they may shine  
As stars so bright in realms of light?  
Who would not give to help braves live,  
[Men, women, too, of noble view,  
Saving some soul to glory's goal]

All that he can if he be man?  
Then through thy purse make thyself nurse-  
Of these that link, standing on brink  
Folks unto glory by the "old story."  
All they have done under the sun  
Of blessed right with gospel might,  
Still lifts the world to love unfurl'd  
From yonder Cross regaining loss  
Brought here by sin on kith and kin.  
It won't be long till with grand song  
You them shall meet they you shall greet  
And lead you home where you may roam,  
Full of delight with n'er a night  
In orbs of bliss if you don't miss.



# SON SAVING SIRE.

TUNE, Portuguese Hymn, 11.

The noble Æneas once saved his lov'd Sire,  
From wild wrath of Greece and Achilles' dread ire,  
From fate of poor Priam who died in his gore,  
And pass'd to the Shades through dread wars' raging roar.

That Father in future his heir counsell'd well  
And left mighty mem'ries for Sages to tell,  
As over strange regions his son sought a home,  
And in fair Italia built world-ruling Rome.

We, too, have great fathers expos'd in the war,  
Their works though now ended their words sound afar,  
They yet remain with us as Spiritual Sires,  
Mind cheering with hopes and heart filling with fires.

We cannot behold them in penury sore,  
Because they are poor we will love them the more,  
Stretch forth lib'ral hands in real duty to give,  
To men who have sav'd us and taught us to live.

That this will be pleasing to God we are sure,  
For giving great treasure will selfishness cure,  
And lift us above the vain follies of time,  
To reign with our Master in glory sublime.

Then down with Cupidity, up with the Cross !  
'Tis he who withholds that shall suffer great loss,  
While generous giving shall bring us God's love  
And riches unbounded in regions above.





## **Most Important.**

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There are seven classes of Friends who in different degrees and ways can speedily secure the quarter of a million for the retired sufferers of the New England Conference.

I. Our Friends, the Millionaires and Multimillionaires any one of whom can easily make a mighty-moving Conditional proposition. A proposition so commanding that it will rouse and rally the people to complete rapidly the entire amount now so desperately needed by our suffering Fathers. As we are entering an epoch-making era in this enterprize which will not cease till it covers the Country and circles the World the millionaire who commences the movement on a grand scale will have the high and lasting pleasure of having done the most deserving, necessitous transcendingly indispensable and honorable deed possible to any rich person of the present times. Any contemplating such divine action will please communicate with the Secretary, Rev. Dr. James Boyd Brady, Beacon Hill, Boston, Mass.

II. Our Friends, the Middle Rich who may not find it convenient to give over a few thousand or even a few hundred dollars: but who will do this cheerfully and promptly. Let these also open correspondence with the Secretary.

**MOST IMPORTANT.**

**III. Our Friends who would be pleased to give in annual installments for three or four years.**

**Let these notify the Secretary.**

**IV. The Friends who would like a larger income from the money and property they own, on condition that when they need it no longer here, they will make arrangements to devote it to delivering the worn-out preachers ever after. Thus yielding better and surer support below, a brighter home above, and the felicity of knowing that their property is to go on through the ages doing the greatest good to God's most worthy and needy Heroes. Let such open correspondence with the Field Secretary at once.**

**V. Those who have made, or are willing to make, a clause in their will in favor of the worn-out ministers, let these also communicate with the Field Secretary, who will have their pleasure registered in the books of the Relief Society.**

**VI. Those pastors and churches who desire to unite in becoming responsible for such a sum as they may choose to contribute to the Permanent Fund and who wish the Field Secretary to assist them in obtaining the desired amount by means of an inspiring public service. For such service an original and suitable program is prepared and the occasion will be made one of the most pleasing and profitable, and is called "Father's Service."**

**MOST IMPORTANT.**

**VII.** Those who cannot possibly give money but who can send many powerful prayers to heaven. These prayers are earnestly and believingly solicited. The gold and silver still belong to the Lord. They are only loaned by Him to the people, not merely to provide for their wants, but also to test their loyalty and enable them to "lay up treasures in Heaven," by giving it to God's needy Heroes on earth who have enabled them to secure money. The hearts of the people also are in the hand of the Lord, and He can incline them to come to the rescue of their Spiritual Fathers to whom they owe so much. Therefore let mighty prayers go up to God from those who cannot as well as from those who do give.

The Secretary holds a union of prayer every night and morning for the deliverance of the veterans and will be most happy to have the names of those who will be pleased to join therein. Let the Elijahs of Jehovah unite in this—and the drought of distress will pass and the rain of relief will come.







1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles, including "The Hon. Mr. Justice" and "The Hon. Mr. Justice".

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